



Vol. I.

The
Industrial Pioneer
Edited by HENRY VAN DORN

No. 2

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The Industrial Pioneer

Vol. I.

JUNE, 1923

No. 2

Smashing the Chains of Slavery

By VERN SMITH

NO, the revolution is not here—not yet. The great strike—the General Strike in all industries—is still in the future. When that comes, there will be no need to discuss whether we shall go back and strike on the job. The job will be ours, the capitalists will be in flight to Java, Honduras, or the North Pole, anywhere out of the vicinity of their former wage slaves.

But the General Strike of the Industrial Workers of the World, the May Day Strike of 1923, will be remembered in that future day of revolution as one gigantic step forward—the second step, for the first was taken in 1917.

The theory of the General Strike is this: Concentrated Capital breaks the ordinary single unit, single shop, or single industry strike. “Scab-herding” is a profession now, and there are many flying squadrons of strike-breakers, some openly and avowedly in the business of scabbing, like Black Jack Jerome’s personal industrial army, some masquerading as private detective agencies, like the Pinkertons and the Baldwin-Felts, some pretending to be labor unions, like the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. These mobile, highly paid expeditionary forces of slavery can be concentrated in sufficient number in the rebellious neighborhood, the district where a small strike takes place, to crush that movement, then they can be shipped to another district, and crush some local strike there, and then to another, and another.

The theory of the General Strike is that there are only a limited number of these scabs, and that if everything stops at once,

the scab armies could not begin to fill the orders, they would be needed everywhere at once, and could not possibly be everywhere at once.

Job Trust An Obstacle

It is all very well to have a theory, it is another thing to put it into practice. The I. W. W. has always understood the tactic of the General Strike, and has always lacked the weight in numbers to bring it about.

It was necessary to wait for favorable times, when the unorganized, and the mis-organized could be led into the fight, and it was necessary to depend on but a part of the industries, since the laborers in those where the job trust holds sway, such as for example, railroading and coal mining, could not be enthused sufficiently. Years of dependence on leaders, years of fear of expulsion, years of bartering and bickering over contracts and jurisdiction, had deadened the old timers to the point where an audacious slashing charge, a flaming revolt against intolerable tyranny, a generous wrath, had become impossible for them.

The strike could not be completely general, therefore. It was by circumstances narrowed to the field that lies between the petty, suspicious job trust unions and the masses of unorganized workers, who had not been sufficiently touched by radical propaganda to understand what it was about.

In plain words, this means that at the time the strike was declared, it could affect the timber workers, the construction workers, and the marine transport workers. Strong minorities in each of these industries

are organized in the I. W. W., and enough propaganda has been put out to give the unorganized in those industries a pretty fair notion of the situation. Later, it is expected the harvest workers will join, but until there is a harvest, there can not be a harvest strike.

Considering all these things, it is evident that this general strike is in the nature of grand maneuvers, of experimenting with the theory, rather than of a life-and-death fight. It is a partial general strike, and is to serve as training for greater, more serious conflicts to come.

The I. W. W. General Strike

This general strike is a thing to learn from. Let us then proceed to learn. First, what actually happened?

A building boom was on. Transportation, and logging and sawing of lumber were known to members of the I. W. W. to be speeding up. The time was ripe for action. Furthermore, extensive amnesty campaigns had failed to release the class-war prisoners, but had supplied the moral justification for more serious measures. (No real Wobbly would need any such excuse to test his strength against that of the master—but there are the unorganized.)

In conformity with I. W. W. tactics, the exact date of the strike was not set very far in advance. There is no sense in handing over a vital secret of this nature to the boss. Many employers did not believe there would be any strike. Some of the lumber barons seem to have made an extremely serious blunder. They believed their own lies. They had so often stated that the I. W. W. was dead, that they thought they were seeing ghosts when the thousands of men poured out of the camps, swamping the stage lines, thronging the streets of Seattle, Portland, Klamath Falls, Tacoma, Everett, and the California redwood cities.

Strike April 25

The "zero hour" was April 25. This was another little surprise for the bourgeoisie, for most of those that feared a strike were expecting it on May First.

There was great difficulty in getting the news into the camps. Liberals and patriots have a feeling that the U. S. mail is something holy, sacred, and inviolate. In my youthful days I used to read in "Youth's Companion," and "The American Boy" stirring tales of heroes who defended the sanctity of the mail against, oh, well, everything,—Wobblies by this time, probably—but this is just one of those beautiful ideals that you can't get a camp superintendent to understand. He has no respect for the mail. If the strike committee had a dollar for every letter they sent to announce the strike that did not get delivered, they could issue strike benefits. The entire Hoods Canal territory in Washington did not receive a single strike notice by mail. Two delegates from the strike committee made a flying trip through that district and carried the declaration of war from camp to camp, covering twenty-two camps in all. In each of these, one man applied for a job, while the other slipped around to the shacks the "timber beast" is allowed to sleep in, and spread the news. All the camps came out. Not one of them would have ever heard of the strike otherwise.

Gunman Murders McKay

It required caution in some of these camps. The company "gun-men" were right on the job. That they are not merely for ornament, nor an idle threat, is proved by an event on the seventh day of the strike. A picket line was organized to stand in the public road in front of the Bay City Lumber Mill. They acted as pickets usually do, they called to the men going in to work, and told them there was a strike. They tried to explain the situation, and while engaged in this undertaking, a picket, William McKay, attracted the attention of a guard, a man old and cruel and proud of his servitude to the master, one Green, a former sea captain. Green fired at him as he was walking away, the bullets crashed through his brain, and—a coroner's jury of Aberdeen business men exonerated Green.

The story the killer told was so incredible. that one Seattle newspaper, (not a la-

bor paper) wrote up the incident like this: "Green states that he drew his gun and fired two shots up into the air, to frighten the crowd away. Both bullets struck McKay in the head."

Further acts of violence have not been wanting. Two delegates who left Aberdeen to call out the workers in Stimpson's Camp have not been heard from since, or had not been up to the time of this writing. The engineer on a railroad near Feather River Mill, a struck concern in California, looked up as he rounded a curve, and saw an I. W. W. picket, a new man in the organization, lying wounded between the rails. The man was just able to raise one leg feebly, before the engine struck him. His body was shredded; the whole eighteen cars passed over him before the train could be stopped. These are just some of the ways the capitalist fights, all the time howling that it is the I. W. W. who are violent. There were the usual number of assaults by police officers, in various cities, Stockton, Calif., Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash.

Newspaper Acrobatics

The acrobatics of the newspapers were wonderful things to see. The suddenness

of the strike evidently caught them unaware. The policy was divided. Judging from past experience, the capitalist press treats a strike in one of two ways. Either it conceals and ignores, or it exaggerates, for the purpose of proving violence, and getting out the troops. In the case of this general strike, the papers of the West tried to do both. The city of Seattle has three evening papers and one morning paper. One evening paper, the A. F. of L. "Union Record," was very cautious in the beginning about printing anything. Long ago, last summer, the city editor of this journal had expressed himself to various persons as being of the opinion that talk about a General Strike was nonsense. After the strike got under way, the editor found it difficult to believe that there were so many men out. When the strike committee counted 30,000, the Union Record reported 10,000. However, after the first two days, the paper gave the strike hearty support, front-page publicity, and an editorial which tried to combine an appreciation of the activity of the Wobblies, with a boost for the Farmer Labor Party.

The Star and the morning paper, the Post Intelligencer, featured the "Revolution," and



Workers in Aberdeen, Wash., Parade in Memory of Murdered I. W. W. Picket

the Times said not one word until the fifth day, when it announced that the strikers would probably go back to work, soon. The Times, by the way, is the only paper allowed into the Discovery Bay Logging Co. Camps, near Seattle, and gun men turned back all the first class mail, even.

Down in Portland, the paper of widest circulation had a regular battle, with itself. The adjutant General of state militia told them he was establishing machine gun nests all over the woods, and the poor credulous editors ran the story.

The funniest thing was in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles Times hates union labor. It is so poisoned on its spleen, it looks on organization with such a jaundiced eye, that even the spiritual sons of Gompers cannot get a smile from it. It does not even like Lewis of the U. M. W. of A., and that's saying a great deal. This Los Angeles Times saved many a Wobbly from facing criminal syndicalism. When the first man went out to distribute the first hand-bill announcing the strike, the reporter of the Los Angeles Times was right on his trail, and the Times put out an extra, with a magnified facsimile of the hand-bill on the front page, boxcar headlines, and ten point type in the article. The strike has been unusually good in Southern California.

Strike A Success

The strike has been from the very start unusually good everywhere. Old timers of the 1917 days were surprised. The strike committee was surprised. Wherever the news reached the camps, the men came out. The Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen was but a straw in the gale. As for strike-breakers, there were none.

The first news of the strike reached Seattle from two sources almost simultaneously. About noon on April 25, Wednesday, came a wire that the lumber camp at Clear Lake, with 130 men, had quit clean. Even the head loaders and hook-tenders (these are bosses—straw bosses) had left their jobs. Also the gypoes (contract laborers) had quit.

This feature of the strike is fairly uni-

versal. The foreman and the contract laborers have just as much reason to protest against executive tyranny and the imprisonment of class-war prisoners, just as much reason to hate dirty camps, long hours and low wages, as any one else, but usually they don't. They lack the feeling of class. They think of themselves as being on the master's side, not on the laborer's. This strike has proved that when you gather momentum enough, when the strike fever is catching, the gyppo and the strawboss are not immune. They are human, and this is one case where mob psychology is on the side of the worker.

The other surprise was the action of the International Longshoremen's Association, Everett Local. They struck right along with the Marine Transport Workers' of the I. W. W. A hurry up call for speakers was sent to Seattle, and so great was the agitation in Everett, so unexpected the action, that when the meeting came off, there were three I. W. W. speakers present, each expecting to do all the talking.

All day Wednesday, Wednesday night, Thursday and Friday the logging camps came out. In Tacoma, in Aberdeen, in Olympia, there was very little change left in the banks, when the loggers had finished cashing their checks. The Peninsula, Hood's Canal, Grays Harbor, and Puget Sound districts (look them up on the map), are the important areas of the so-called "long logging" of Washington state. "East of the Hump" (across, over the Cascades) lies the Spokane, Eastern Washington, Montana, Idaho, "short log" district. This is the home of the "gyppo" and was not the scene of such open propaganda and organization work as the Western district. But how it did strike! The workers of the Brooks Scanlon Company of Eureka, Mont., had just finished a successful walkout, about two weeks before the General Strike. Their demands were all granted; no matter, they struck again, for release of class-war prisoners. One of these same class-war prisoners, Archie Sinclair, a man the government is trying to find a country for, so they can deport him, came through Montana and

Idaho during the first days of the "Revolution." Everywhere he found striking Wobblies, silent camps, discouraged bosses. It was splendid.

Oregon and California

In the Klamath Falls district, and around Marshfield, Oregon, the strike was scheduled for April 28, through some misunderstanding. Nevertheless, the boys walked off the jobs. The mills were not much affected, but the logging camps were shut down tight, and even the slave killing southern company the Long Bell, failed to meet the test.

In California, the criminal syndicalist law prescribes one to fourteen years for anybody who joins the I. W. W. Of course, the law is not enforced. They only pick off an active member now and then. But the mere existence of such a barbarous state of affairs shows that organization is relatively weak yet. Nevertheless, the Feather River district struck and many other camps and logging operations were closed down. Last summer, the I. W. W. had great strikes in the Hetch Hetchy Construction camps, (the City of San Francisco water project) and in the camps of the Southern California Edison Co. (The Electric Power Trust). The strikes were only partially successful last summer. Just the same, these men who could not win all their demands for themselves, did not hesitate to "have at 'er" again, for their fellow workers in the prisons.

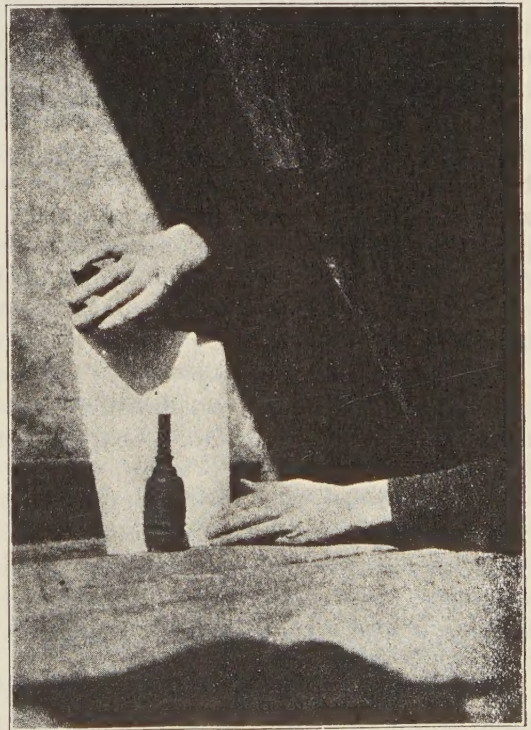
This is the season of the first crop of alfalfa in the San Joaquin Valley. Dairying is the great industry there. The heavy work, the hay pitching, is done by hired help. And one thousand of the hired help quit. There was a mighty wail from the farmer. The San Joaquin Valley farmer has been a great supporter of the criminal syndicalism law, but hay will spoil unless it is cut at the right time. It is not so certain now that the California farmer likes the criminal syndicalism law.

In San Pedro the docks were tied up as tight as if the harbor had frozen. The reports were, first, that 46 ships could not

be worked (have cargo unloaded, or loaded), then that it was 62, and at last as this is being written, that 87 ships lie idle in the stream, and that one mate is amusing himself by running the winch on one of the ships, swinging the same sling-load of cargo into the hold and out again, and back again—putting up a bluff.

Oil Workers Come Out

There was also the strike of the oil fields. Southern California has a great petroleum production industry, and in a new field recently opened at Signal Hill, the I. W. W., especially the men indicted for criminal syndicalism in Los Angeles, have been organizing lately. Sixteen of them were indicted a couple of months ago, charged with trying to burn up the field. The only fires they carried, were the flames of discontent, though these did more damage to Doheny and Rockefeller than dynamite could have done, for the oil field workers struck, first 500, then, as this is written, a report is received that thousands are on strike.



Tear Bomb Thrown Into a Mass-Meeting of Striking I. W. W. Lumber Workers

In such wise the workers left their jobs, for the class-war prisoners' sake. By the fourth day, 120,000 were out. After that, more quit.

No sooner was the strike fairly launched, than another big business got an awful jolt. I refer to the bootlegging industry. The sale of very high-priced, very poisonous moonshine and the presence of many "tin-horn" gamblers has been relied on for decades to break strikes, by making the strikers "broke". It has always been known that the man who wakes up on the second day of the strike with no money, and no courage, sick, disgusted and despondent, is a potential scab.

In this strike the officers of the law made no attempt to shut off the supply of "smilo," "grappo," hard cider, etc. The gambling games in all the Pacific Coast towns are wide open all the time, anyway. The vultures were gathered together on the morning of the strike to feed up, a little.

Hits Bootleggers

But on the morning of the strike a drama was being enacted in the office of a certain high official in the city government of Seattle. There was a small room, and on one side were a group of red-faced loggers, very firm and determined. They were the "de-horn committee". On the other side was a great leader of the people, and a man of power, representing several hundred policemen's clubs. He was a city official and he was "on his high horse." He said, "Are you trying to run this city?"

"No," said the chairman of the 'de horn committee,' "we want to run industry, but meanwhile, we will see to it that you run the city."

A compromise was effected, and the police department consented to co-operate. A troop of loggers with a sergeant of police went into Our House—the infamous Our House. There was a table of gamblers, a black-jack game.

The sergeant said not a word. He might have hated to do it, but it was too public not to do his duty. He put his knee under the edge of the table and kicked it into a

corner. They went to the next gambling joint and did the same thing. Similar events took place in other cities. Stocks of synthetic whisky were unearthed, broken, and poured into the gutters. It was the first real clean-up that ever took place in a country of puritans, raids, and crusades.

In Portland the police would not co-operate. The I. W. W. picketed one hotel where a blind pig was operated. The police arrested the pickets. The situation was too much for the populace; after a couple of days they took part in the fight. The I. W. W.—always called lawbreakers—was enforcing the law against bootlegging, and the Mayor of Portland and the police,—sworn to defend the law—were defending the bootleggers! This is, from the capitalist's point of view, one of the most uncanny features of the whole unnatural affair. Hundreds of petty political squabbles are raging in as many different cities and towns of the Pacific Northwest over this indecent exposure of the Guardians of the Peace, the angels of good government.

The next and most disconcerting event is the strike on the job. Monday, May 7, the loggers of the Northwest went back to work, but the strike is STILL ON!

The strike committee of the Northwest branches of the I. W. W. has issued the following bulletin:

Seattle District, May 7, 1923

Take the Strike Back to the Job

Fellow Workers: The I. W. W. does not believe in long drawn-out strikes off the job. These exhaust the workers and eventually end by the workers losing all they have gained. The strike for the release of all class-war prisoners has been transferred to the job by the vote of the membership. This change of tactics will be carrying the fight into the bosses' territory and the boss will be forced to pay the expenses of the strike.

Monday, May 7, 1923, is the date set for the strike to be transferred on to the job.

(Signed) I. W. W. Strike Committee.



WOBBLY LUMBERJACKS IN A "MULLIGAN CAR"

A good many companies are granting demands.

Conditions were improving very rapidly before the strike, because the lumber camp superintendent fondly imagined that he could bribe the loggers not to strike. This improvement was reflected into the construction jobs. Now many of the companies are openly bidding for the return of their former men, and almost all are promising almost any improvement demanded, though fulfillment of the promise is not so ready. Still, it will come.

In the camps where least has been granted, in hundreds of lumber camps, in dozens

of construction projects, bosses are rushing about, tearing their hair, and discharging a man here and another there, and hiring some one by guess, from a list of ready willing men, too ready, and suspiciously willing to draw pay, if not to work. Efficiency experts are having nightmares, and engineers are furiously recasting their figures. The output per man is "all shot to hell," and there are lawsuits threatening the contractors on construction jobs. And the end is not yet. The end will not come until all the demands are granted, including the first—the release of all class-war prisoners.

The Ballad of Sandy McCole

By ARCHIE SINCLAIR

THIS is a tale of the logging trail,
A story crude and plain,
That was told to me by Danny McPhee
One night in the Coeur d'Alene.
Outside it was cold, the Storm King bold
Was holding high revelry,
The north wind screamed until it seemed
The devil was laughing in glee.
The flames leaped higher in the pitch-pine fire
And they boomed like a deep toned bell,
And the pattern they wove on the red hot stove
Looked like a map of Hell.

Dan looked around till his pipe he found,
And he filled the blackened bowl,
Then he turned to me, and, "Scotty," said he,
"Did you ever know Sandy McCole?
He worked around the Puget Sound,
In the short-log country, too,
Wherever he went he was a malcontent,
An Ishmael, a Wandering Jew.
He talked of a time when out of the slime
The slaves of the earth would rise.
Now some maintain that McCole was insane,
While others maintain he was wise.

"He seemed possessed of a great unrest,
His voice with passion would ring:
Such things don't go in the land of snow
That is ruled by the Lumber King.
He may have been crazed or fuddled or mazed,
But his heart was true as steel,—
It seemed his fate to agitate
In spite of the Iron Heel.
We were sitting one night in the dim fire-light
Of a camp on Pigeon Lake,
The camp was run by a son-of-a-gun
The 'jacks called 'hard-boiled' Drake.

"He was a burly guy about six feet high,
And he weighed two hundred and ten.
He could whip any two of his logging crew
And gloried in driving his men.
Well, McCole blew in with Barney Quinn
And they sat on the deacon seat,
And after a while Quinn said with a smile,
'Let's go get something to eat.'

They started to go to the shack below,
But Drake was lurking near,
And he said to Mc Cole, 'God damn your soul,
What the hell do you want around here?

"Get out of the camp, you dirty tramp,
I'm sick of your lousy breed.
You think you can strike any time you like,
But you're glad to come bumming a feed!"
McCole never spoke, but I thought he'd choke,
His face turned red, then white,
He started to shake as he looked at Drake,
Then he calmly said, 'We'll fight.'
Now McCole could scrap, he was the sort of a chap
That would die before he'd give in,
Each man in the crew but one or two
Wanted to see him win.

"For an hour or more they fought by the door
Of that shack on Pigeon Lake,
Then McCole stepped in with a hook to the chin
That humbled the bully Drake.
'T was an awful clout and it knocked him out—
He couldn't get to his feet;
The man of steel was made to feel
The bitter sting of defeat.
Now after they fought each one of us thought
We'd seen the end of the fuss,
But little we knew of the horrible brew
That Fate was mixing for us.

"Drake got to his feet as if to retreat,
McCole went into the shack,
The boss withdrew a pace or two
Then turned and started back;
There was a muffled roar by the bunk-house door,
The floor was splashed with red,
And Sandy McCole (God rest his soul)
In a pool of blood lay dead.
Yes, Sandy's gone to the Great Unknown,
And some of us mourn his loss,
His murderer Drake for his loyalty's sake
Was raised to walking boss."

— — — — —
This is a tale of the logging trail,
A story crude and plain,
That was told to me by Danny McPhee
One night in the Coeur d'Alene.



What Is Industrial Unionism?

By JACOB SILBERT

A LOT of people talk about industrial unionism and the Industrial Workers of the World without really knowing what either of these actually mean. There are others who imagine that by merely amalgamating a few craft unions into one union, they thereby create an industrial union. The whole question is, in the minds of a vast number of workers, sadly muddled, to say the least.

The outstanding feature about capitalism is the development of the machine process and the gradual disappearance of skill. The more machinery is perfected and installed the less are the requirements for skilled labor and the greater the technical subdivision of labor and the disappearance of skill. The result of this process is that the few remaining craftsmen who are still needed in some of the industries have become absolutely helpless unless they bind themselves with the great bulk of the industrial workers who are either semi-skilled or wholly unskilled. The day of the mechanic or craftsman is over, and the day of the semi-skilled machine-tender and unskilled industrial worker has arrived.

The craft union is an organization which embraces in its membership the workers who are experts at some particular trade or craft. That form of an organization had a useful service to perform in the early and later stages of capitalist development; it is safe to say, however, that during the last ten years the importance of the craftsman has steadily diminished and that in the not far distant future he will become pretty much of a negligible factor in the scheme of industries. His place is being taken by the unskilled and semi-skilled industrial worker.

Concentration of Power

Hand in hand with the machine process has gone the concentration of the control and ownership of industry into fewer and ever fewer hands. Only the other day Armour & Company absorbed the big Mor-

ris & Company packing concern. The deal involved a transfer of fifty million dollars. The United States Steel Corporation through its subsidiaries and interlocking directorates, controls the entire steel industry in the United States. The same might be said about the Standard Oil Company in regard to the production and refining of petroleum. Control of the various railroad systems is fast converging into a very few hands. The same applies to most of the other industries; even to the retail merchandising enterprises. Witness the tremendous growth of the chain store, restaurant and grocery businesses. Witness the displacement of small grocers by the Piggly Wiggly Corporation.

All of this is but the reverse side of the same phenomenon—the logical working out of the machine process of capitalist development. It means more efficiency in the management and control of industry by capitalists, and more intensive exploitation of labor. It means firmer intrenchment in power of the capitalist industrial oligarchy, by virtue of the stranglehold that they have on industry.

Such being the case, it ought to become apparent to everybody that the only way for labor to fight these powerful combines of capitalism is by organizing on as large a scale as the capitalists themselves are organized upon. The workers have to form unions which embrace every class of worker in each industry. Only by having an organization of this kind will they have the least chance of being able to combat the exploitation of the capitalists.

The Gospel of the I. W. W.

This is just what the Industrial Workers of the World preach—and practice. Let us take, for instance, the steel industry, which is in itself but a part of the metal and machinery industry. A few years ago the American Federation of Labor made an attempt to organize the steel workers into twenty-four international craft unions. It

failed. The reason why it failed ought to be as obvious to any man possessing sound sense as the nose on his face. It is a logical and practical impossibility for workers who work side by side in the same industry, after they have been divided into twenty-four different and often mutually antagonistic unions, to fight the highly efficient and centralized organization of the steel barons, and win. There are rumors abroad that a similar attempt is to be made again. We would advise these A. F. of L. organizers to take this money that they intend to spend in this organization campaign and donate it to the Salvation Army; it would probably do more good there.

The name "Industrial Workers of the World," or as it is commonly abbreviated, "I. W. W.," means just exactly what it says. It means organization of the industrial workers of the world. In effect, therefore, it stands for the industrial international of the future.

If instead of dividing the steel workers into twenty-four different craft unions, we would organize all of them into one union, then we would have a genuine industrial union. This means that not only the manual laborers in the steel mills would belong in the union, but everybody who is in any way, shape, manner, or form employed in the steel industry. For instance, all of the mechanics or craftsmen who work around the steel mills, such as electricians, plumbers, carpenters, engineers, bricklayers, steam-fitters, would belong to the one industrial union instead of belonging in their respective craft organizations. Further, this applies to the office personnel as well—to the clerks, bookkeepers, accountants, stenographers, purchasing agents, salesmen, and everybody else in any way connected with the office end of the steel industry; all these would be members of the same union. This, and only this, will constitute a genuine union of the steel workers. The steel workers will in their turn be part and parcel of the greater industrial union which comprises all those employed in the metal and machinery industry.

Marine Transport

As another example, let us consider the marine transport industry. The workers in this industry have been split up into various small unions, each of them having separate contracts with the shipowners and working at cross purposes with each other. There have been separate unions for the longshoremen, sailors, oilers, firemen, engineers, masters, pilots, and captains, to say nothing of the divisions that obtain owing to geographical reasons. For instance, the sailors on the Pacific and Atlantic oceans and on the Great Lakes have been organized in separate unions. Such being the case, is it any wonder that up till now the marine transport workers might as well not have had any unions for all the good that they have done them? The workers have been almost entirely at the mercy of the shipowners.

Now, the I. W. W. scheme in regard to the marine transport workers is to organize all of them into one union, the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, of the Industrial Workers of the World. This union embraces sailors, firemen, cooks, stewards, longshoremen, mates, pilots, engineers, and everybody else employed in the marine transport industry on sea or on land. The phenomenal success that the I. W. W. Marine Transport Workers have obtained through their recent strike, whereby they won an increase in wages of from 15 to 20 per cent and obtained practically all of their demands, excepting the liberation of class-war prisoners, goes to point out the effectiveness of this form of organization.

There is only one thing which the master class actually fears, and that is the organization of the workers into genuine industrial unions. The possibilities of such an organization are tremendous. They are so great and far reaching that most workers even today do not appreciate them. If even a comparatively small number of all workers would be lined up and effectively mobilized into genuine industrial unions, they would be in position to take away the

industries from the capitalists and to abolish thereby the present system of wage slavery.

The Railroad Workers

By way of an illustration, let us say that all of the railroad workers were organized into an industrial union, so that whenever they had any grievance against their employers all of them would go out on strike at the same time. Just stop a moment and consider what this would mean! Don't you see that their power would be so great that they would not even have to go on strike? They could paralyze the life and the industry of the entire country inside of a few days. They could obtain every one of their demands by merely threatening to go on strike.

Yes, they could go farther and declare the railroads the property of the nation and nothing could be done about it. The way it is now, the workers on the roads being split up in some sixteen craft organizations, when one goes on strike the others break the strike by remaining on the job.

It has been said that the craft unions have been organized for fighting the master class. There is a grain of truth in this if we consider as such their attempts to safeguard to some extent the narrow craft interests of their members. However, when looked upon from the broader point of view of the entire working class, we are forced to admit that they are doing nothing of the kind. In most industries the craft unions function to the end of keeping the workers divided, and thereby they do exactly the opposite of what they are proclaimed to do. They play into the hands of the master class. Little by little the workers are beginning to see into this, which is one of the reasons for the diminishing membership of the craft unions. As has been pointed out elsewhere in this

magazine, during the last year the American Federation of Labor lost over eight hundred thousand members.

The Industrial Workers of the World consist of twenty-nine industrial unions, which comprise the entire industrial scheme of the country. No matter what occupation one might have, he will find a place for himself in one or the other of these unions. We thus see that the I. W. W. offers the most comprehensive system of organization to be found anywhere in the world.

Organize the Unorganized!

There is less organization among the workers in the United States, in proportion to the total number of industrial workers, than in any other capitalist country. Only one out of every six or seven workers belongs in any kind of union whatsoever. We thus see that the field is practically open for organization. The natural, logical, and sensible thing to do, therefore, is to make an attempt to line up these unorganized workers into genuine industrial unions. Of late a campaign has been started by the advocates of amalgamation to organize the unorganized into the A. F. of L. unions. Beware of this move. It ought to be apparent to everybody that it is the height of folly to line men up into craft unions which later will either have to be destroyed or else consolidated into industrial unions—provided this is possible of accomplishment. The proper thing to do is to organize these unorganized into real industrial unions to start out with.

The big job that confronts us today is to keep in line those who, owing to stress of economic conditions, were organized during strikes, and to reach the now disorganized and uneducated workers. Let the I. W. W. slogan, which found expression in the columns of this magazine last month, reverberate from one end of the land to the other: **"Organize the Unorganized!"**



GENERAL STRIKE

Strike One

Strike All

Strike

Strike

Strike

Final at Last !

The voice of the men in prison has been heard, they who have suffered for the cause of labor. Their families have had enough of this suffering.

COME ONE! COME ALL!

Pull your labor off the job for a short time and wake up this monster of Capitalism. Show him that you are still Free Men!

STRIKE ONE! STRIKE ALL!

And open the prison doors, whatever your material demands may be, put them at him at the same time. This is the strike call issued by the strike committee of the Industrial Workers of the World.

General Strike Demands of the Marine Transport Workers

Release of all working men and women who are in prison for organized labor and working class activities.

To do away with the Shipowners Association employment office, better known as the Fink hall.

A minimum wage for seamen of \$100.00 per month.

Three watches to prevail for all seamen except coal burning firemen who shall have four watches.

A minimum scale of \$1.00 an hour for longshoremen.

A 44-hour week for harbor workers.

All overtime at double rates.

That we the strikers, pledge ourselves to continue the strike until all class war prisoners are released from prison and jails and also pledge ourselves to be orderly throughout the strike, and refrain from indulgence of intoxicating liquors.

STRIKE COMMITTEE

Marine Transport Workers I. U. No. 510

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

The San Pedro Strike

By ART SHIELDS

I HAVE just come from the city of San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, where one of the most remarkable strikes in the history of American labor is now going on. I am frankly amazed at what I saw there and so is everyone else coming into the town, and so are the people of San Pedro themselves.

What, San Pedro, the busiest port on the Pacific tied up tight, and by the wobblies? Impossible! The report was so extraordinary that I came down from San Francisco

on a voluntary investigation tour to see for myself. I had passed through San Pedro earlier in the year on an intercoastal freighter and had seen no signs of a labor sunrise. At that time the town was in the hollow of the shipowners' hand. Mr. Nichols' "scab hall," as the shipowners' employment office is colloquially called, was handling the labor problem with thorough satisfaction to the employers, and there was no organized protest from the workers.

Longshoremen who denied union membership were allowed to work from eight in the morning till eleven at night, when ships were in. They were driven at insane speed and accidents were frequent. I have never seen winch drivers swing cargo with such desperate hurry as at San Pedro, or stevedores plunge about so frantically. Nor was this all. Longshoremen told me that the worker who fell under the frown of Mr. Nichols as a union suspect, or for any other reason, went on the scrap heap. Women used to go down and weep to him to give their husbands a share of the work so they could eat, but to no use; Mr. Nichols got a kick out of being hard.

As for the wobblies, yes, there were a few, but most of them were in jail. The sovereign state of California makes it a crime, punishable by one to fourteen years imprisonment, to belong to the industrial union movement. Today the law is a farce in San Pedro. Two thousand folk of the town are openly carrying I. W. W. cards and seem very proud of it. This criminal syndicalism law is now getting a dose of the same wholesome irreverence that I saw the liberty-loving miners of Kansas pay Governor Allen's Industrial Court. But three months ago how different it was in San Pedro. In those days the wobblies were a small minority and Swelled Out Authority jumped on them as hard as bullies can.

I. W. W. Educational Campaign

What I did not know then was that these hundred or so I. W. W's. were carrying on a quiet but effective educational campaign that has perhaps never been equalled in such a short space of time. In three months, from January to April, every house in San Pedro received three pamphlets and other literature setting forth in clear and simple language the benefits of organization! How to do away with the tyranny of the "scab hall"; how to raise wages to a living standard and to equalize working hours so that every one would have his share of labor instead of one getting six-

teen hours a day and the other none. All these problems were dealt with and the literature also took up the ultimate program of the I. W. W., its plan for the final emancipation of labor from the idlers who live on its back. And, more particularly, the free literature exposed the infamous criminal syndicalism law of California, which sends workingmen to penitentiaries for fighting for better living conditions.

No brass banding marked this work that paved the way for the big strike. The longshoremen and sailors who were distributing this literature and giving street talks in between jailings, knew how to get results. They knew their people. They knew that their fellow workers, the other sailors and longshoremen who make up the bulk of the population of this marine city, would listen to the facts presented in a reasonable way.

The result was that membership in the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union began to grow quietly, but by hundreds. The union had no hall, only a "floating headquarters," but its strength began to bulge up on all sides. And when the big strike call for the release of the labor prisoners, the elimination of the "scab hall" and the improvement of job conditions went out April 25, San Pedro went over the top. As the strike progressed swarms of sympathizers joined the union, and the Marine Transport Federation, a smaller and unaffiliated organization, fell in line. And then came the merchants.

One Hundred Ships Tied Up

In a week the strike was ninety-five per cent effective. As I write, one hundred ships are tied up in the harbor. Lumber schooners loaded weeks ago in Puget Sound, Coos Bay, Oregon, or Eureka, Cal., lie idle at their wharves. Cargo vessels of all nationalities are anchored in the outer harbor or crowding the almost deserted docking spaces. A half dozen lines have already declared an embargo on freight to San Pedro and railroad com-

panies are cutting off car service from the shipping companies because of insufficiency of business.

This big strike has grown to such proportions that it can no longer be called a mere I. W. W. strike. Nor even a mere waterfront strike. It passed through both those phases. Today it is a community affair. The people of San Pedro as a whole are back of it and the red label doesn't bother them. The sentiment is astonishing. At last night's meeting I heard the wife of a local business man make a strike speech and hand a check for twenty-five dollars to the committee. A few nights before, the names of sixty business men, mostly small merchants, were read off as strike fund contributors, the sums ranging from one dollar to one hundred. And the Japanese fishermen of East San Pedro were among the contributors. The fact that every member of the strike finance committee which handles this relief money is a member in good standing of the I.W.W. and carries a red card in his pocket in spite of the syndicalism law does not bother the donors a bit. They know the boys. They are their customers and friends and they want them to win so there will be more prosperity for all.

Down with Hootch!

I was about to add here that the Industrial Workers of the World have twice the influence of any force in San Pedro, but I will not do so. It would sound like propaganda and my trade is that of a newspaperman, not a propagandist. Instead I make a significant statement that speaks for itself. **The I. W. W. has closed up the bootleggers for the duration of the strike.** It did this by its own authority and in its own way, and without the fuss and flurry, the sly tasting and sensational raidings of the official closers. The ukase against bootlegging was read out at the first mass meeting and it was enforced. And now the bootleggers are on strike too, as one of the clan put it sadly and meekly.

In a week's time I saw only two men under the influence of liquor, and they but

slightly. Both came from Los Angeles. San Pedro is as dry as Charles W. Wood found Emporia, Kansas, as related in a recent issue of *Colliers' Weekly*.

The wobbly dry action made me decidedly curious. I had always known the industrial unionists as a group that dealt with job reform to the exclusion of the so-called political issues, and this action led me to ask questions of the strike committee.

"Nothing strange," they said. "We're out to win this strike and no bootlegger is going to stop us."

"Boozing might ruin the strike," they explained. "If one of our boys got drunk he would be apple pie for some agent provocateur to incite to some act that would hurt the organization. And another thing: We don't want anyone throwing away eight dollars a quart for 'jackass' when there are women and babies to be fed."

It sounded logical so far, but there was something else I couldn't understand.

"Why is it," I asked, "that the zealous police force of San Pedro and the federal agents haven't taken the initiative in this?"

"They are too busy," smilingly answered a wobbly; "too busy arresting workingmen." He was one of the defendants in the Los Angeles criminal syndicalism trial, now out on bail and assisting in the strike.

Another thing I was about to say was that this is a young man's strike, but the memory of a grey-haired, sinewy veteran, Fellow Worker Gelpke, stops me. Gelpke says he is a real Industrial Worker of the World because he has worked in industry in each of the five continents of the world. He took a sixty-day jolt as a wobbly last winter without minding it a bit, and is one of the most effective speakers in San Pedro. And is he enjoying himself? Say, you should have heard his greeting, "Ain't she a moose?" when I stopped him on the street and asked him about the strike.

Free Speech Fights

Somewhere in this magazine you will see a picture of Leo Stark handcuffed to a telegraph pole. It was his way of winning a free speech fight. He guaranteed



During the wholesale arrests of open air speakers, Fellow Worker Leo Stark chained himself to a lamp-post in order to continue speaking while the dicks went after the keys.

that the police couldn't drag him away till he had finished his organization talk. That was the night Captain Plummer's brave "bulls" arrested thirty wobblies for exercising their constitutional rights of free speech, and it was before a woman loaned her lot on Liberty Hill to the strikers for their meetings. Well, Leo Stark isn't exactly a youngster, though he's only been in the radical labor movement for thirty or forty years in nearly as many continents as Gelpke. Stark is a speaker and newsboy. He sells five hundred copies of each issue of "The Industrial Pioneer," "Industrial Solidarity" and "Industrial Worker," and is said to be a wizard at disposing of wobbly song books, pamphlets, and so forth. Of course he's out on bail as a criminal syndicalist and has a forty-day jail term awaiting him for a street speech charge, but that doesn't bother him after the Wichita oil workers' case, in which he invested four years.

One might go on to mention some of the vivid old veterans among the Spaniards and Mexicans who make up half the working force of San Pedro. Particularly in my mind there stands out one keen old strategist, a sturdy, grizzled fellow, with black eyes glowing out over high bronzed cheek bones and an aquiline nose. He is a man of much influence among his countrymen in surrounding towns and the steps he has taken to ensure solidarity from the Mexicans in the coast towns to the south would make an article in itself. And they have been effective. There is even less scabbing from Mexicans than from others.

But the young men are in the majority. They are running the strike committee, publicity committee, finance committee, launch committee, and so forth, and they pack the grounds on Liberty Hill where the strike meetings are held twice a day. And when the songs of labor brotherhood are sung there under the stars it is an inspiration to hear their clear voices rise in the night.

Wobbly Enthusiasm

I had heard that the days of wobbly singing were over, that the movement had become too hard-headed for music, but San Pedro dispels that illusion that came from too long a sojourn with the theoreticians of the East. I have never heard anything sung with more enthusiasm than the song that peals from the throats of thousands every night on Liberty Hill. It is the class-war prisoners' song "Remember," which Harrison George wrote in the Cook county jail, with its commanding refrain:

**"Remember you're outside for us
And we're in here for you."**

That is the outstanding thought in this strike which was primarily called for the release of the class-war prisoners. The illusion is forever shattered in me that the American workingman would fight for nothing but more "pork chops." The fact is that the strikers here in San Pedro are talking more about forcing the release of their fellow workers from Leavenworth, Walla Walla, San Quentin and other prisons than



Mass-Meetings Like This Were Held Every Day On the San Pedro Water Front.

for anything else, even the abolition of the hated "scab hall." And by the class-war prisoners they do not mean only wobblies. Mooney and Billings are emphasized as much as Ford and Suhr. Every speaker, and there are many,—rank and file speakers talking five minutes each—stresses the demand for the release of the federal and state prisoners and the abolition of the syndicalism law.

* * *

Will the strikers win? That depends on the rest of the marine industry. San Pedro is a safe unit in the fight. The men are determined and their wives are behind them. Economic support is coming from all sides. Two bakeries are supplying free bread and wobbly fishermen give a ton of fish a day to the needy and money is given freely. San Pedro is doing its part.

One thing seems certain. The movement in San Pedro is now so deeply grounded that it will not blow away. It is grounded on a clear understanding, by hundreds of

active members, of the issues involved. It is an unusually intelligent rank and file. Marine workers proverbially have a broader and clearer view of world movements than the stay-at-homes, and these men have also received an enviable postgraduate educational training in the last three months in San Pedro. Best of all, the movement is organized on broad human lines and is not limited and sectarian. That is shown by the policy of extending relief to all workingmen, whether members of the I. W. W. or not. The movement, though under the banner of the I. W. W., is a popular community movement against local injustices and vicious state and national persecution of labor.

Against such a wall the propaganda of hate of the Los Angeles Times and the San Pedro Pilot, a slimy local sheet which is trying to sic the Ku Klux Klan against the strikers, will beat in vain.

And ornithologists say the raven is croaking over the "scab hall."



Under the Iron Heel

By R. F. PETTIGREW, Ex-Senator from South Dakota.

THE people of the United States are playing with fire. They are experimenting with an unworkable system of social organization—a system that has been tried repeatedly during the past three or four thousand years and that has destroyed civilization as often as it has been tried. The form of the experiments has been different, but their essential features remain the same.

Let me review these features briefly, because they lie at the foundation of our whole public life.

First, there is the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few men—"self-made," "irresponsible"—owing no allegiance to anything save our own destinies and their own ambitions. These wealth-lords, or plutocrats, ruling by virtue of their wealth, have been the bane of every great civilization from Assyria and Egypt to Rome, Spain and Great Britain.

Two per cent of the people of the United States own sixty per cent of the property of the United States. Yet they produced none of it. By legislation, by craft and cunning, by control of Congress and the courts, they took to themselves what others produced.

Sixty-six percent of the people of the United States own five per cent of the property of the United States. Yet they produced all of the wealth and have none of it. Why do not the producers of this wealth have what they produce?

The Constitutional Convention

Because the making of the laws and the control of the industries and of the courts is in the hands of those who do not work, and this has been true from the beginning of the Government. The convention, which framed the Constitution of the United States was composed of fifty-five members. A majority were lawyers—not one farmer, mechanic or laborer. Forty owned Revolutionary Scrip. Fourteen were land speculators. Twenty-four were money-lenders.

Eleven were merchants. Fifteen were slaveholders. They made a Constitution to protect the rights of property and not the rights of man, and ever since, Congress has been controlled by the property owners, and has framed laws in their interest and their interest only and always refused to frame any laws in the interest of those who produce all the wealth and have none of it.

In the second place, the wealth-owning class, because of its wealth-power and its hold on the machinery of society, takes a tribute from the mass of the workers. The character of this tribute varies from age to age. At bottom it is the same. The owner of wealth, because he possesses the things without which the masses would starve, compels them to pay him a return for their use. In Egypt and in feudal Europe, the masters owned land and exacted rent. Here, in the United States, the masters own the forests, mines, factories, railroads, banks and insurance companies. These things they own through the instrumentality of corporations and therefore their income takes the form of dividends on stocks and of interest on bonds. The form is immaterial. The fact remains that the few—whether as landlords or capitalists—hold the choice spots of the earth, and the many, for the privilege of enjoying these choice spots, pay tribute to the few who own them.

The Workers—Wage Slaves

These masses—the workers—the producers are rewarded with the least possible amount upon which they are willing to go on working and reproducing their kind. In old times they were chattel slaves; today they are wage slaves. Formerly, their masters took all of their product and guaranteed them a living. Now, a part of the product goes to the workers, but they must keep themselves.

In the past the work done by the slave for his master kept the master in luxury and enabled him to live a life of ease, and, if he desired, of dissipation and waste. Today

the rent, interest and dividends paid by the workers to the owners of lands, bonds and stocks enable these owners to live in luxury, in idleness and, if they desire, in wasteful dissipation. The owners of American wealth, according to the returns published by the Internal Revenue office, state on their income tax blanks that their incomes amount to tens and hundreds of thousands, to millions and tens of millions of dollars each year. The most skilled of the workers seldom make over \$100 a week with steady work, and seven-eighths of them make less than \$50 a week.

Furthermore, when hard times come, it is the worker who goes on the street and starves. The bondholder continues to draw his interest and the stockholder continues to receive his dividend. The bondholder, under the law, can insist upon his interest. The corporations take care of the stockholder long after the workers have begun to walk the streets looking for a chance to work.

These owners freed from the necessity for labor, develop rapidly into a leisure class, while the workers, struggling for existence, constitute a labor class. The leisure class controls the surplus wealth of the community. Out of this surplus it feeds, dresses and houses itself; buys privileges, corrupts the machinery of the state; invests in foreign exploiting opportunities; struggles with the leisure classes of other countries for the chance to exploit and rob.

Poverty and Want

Among the masses, who are laboring and producing without getting the value of their product, there is poverty and want. Diseases waste and ravage; vitality is sapped; energy deteriorates. Perhaps nowhere in the modern world is the picture more clearly presented than among the exploited British factory workers during the forty or fifty years preceding the World War. If the soldiers on the field were cannon fodder, the men and women of Lancashire and Birmingham were factory fodder. While the leisure class of Britain was shooting grouse and chasing

foxes across the plowed land, the men and women and children belonging to the working masses were huddled in garrets and cellars—the prey of tuberculosis, rickets, anæmia and want.

The leisure class, having nothing better to do, plays at ducks and drakes with international affairs, plunges the country into economic and military conflicts, heaps up great debts, and wastes its own and the country's resources, while the workers do the mass-fighting, pay the taxes and suffer from starvation and disease. Between the two classes there springs up hate, class conflict and perpetual dissension. It was not for nothing that Alexander Hamilton wrote, "The various and unequal distribution of wealth."

When I entered the public life of the United States, the economic ruling class was just stepping into power. There was no leisure class to speak of. There was still an abundance of free land to the workers. The America that I knew in my young manhood was still talking, in all sincerity, about "government of, by and for the people." In the brief period of my own public experience we have adopted a species of feudalism more inhuman and more vicious than any of which history bears a record—a feudalism of artificial persons (corporations) using their power to exploit the workers in the interest of the parasites. Within my lifetime we have become a government of corporations whose attorneys are in the House and Senate and throughout the bureaus and departments of the Government, looking out for the interests of those who pay them their retaining fees.

This is capitalism—the control of the machinery of society in the interests of those who own its wealth. This was feudalism in France and slavery in Rome and in Assyria. This is the system of dividing the community into two classes—owners and producers—and of rewarding the owners at the expense of the producers. As I read history, this method of social organization has had and can have only one result. The leisure class rots out and drops to pieces; the workers starve and suffer and die. Sometimes they revolt—particularly in later years.

Generally they are too weak and too ignorant to do anything more than labor and reproduce.

Owners Rob People

In the preceding pages I have tried to show how this system was getting its grip on the United States. Out of my own experience in public life I have indicated the activity of the land-grabbers, the bankers, the money-lending, the beneficiaries of the tariff, the trust magnates, the railroad operators and the other masters of the economical world. In Congress and out, year by year, they have taken possession of the country's best resources, robbed the people through monopoly, exploited and plundered the workers by means of low wages and high prices.

Then, with their ill-gotten gains, they have invaded other lands—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Mexico, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Haiti—and there they have repeated the same process, by fair means or foul, gaining possession of timber, oil, copper and iron, and then forcing the natives to produce these commodities for a pittance wage. Behind them, in these ventures, the plutocrats had the army and navy of the United States to be used when necessary, as they were used against Spain, the Philippines, the Mexicans, the Haitians and the rest.

Meanwhile, at home, through the subsidy of political parties—through the passage of legislation—through the courts—through the private control or, where necessary, through the open purchase or coercion of public men, the interests have taken possession of the government of the United States, shaping its institutions, and directing its policies along lines calculated to yield the largest net returns to the plutocracy.

Suppression of Free Speech

The last move in this direction involved the entrance of the United States into the World War; the conscription of men; the dispatch of an army to the battlefields of Europe; the suppression of free speech and a free press; search, seizure, indictment, trial, imprisonment and the deportation of men and women in open and flagrant viola-

tion of constitutional guarantees and long-established precedent.

The Wilson administration and the Supreme Court have demonstrated and established that in time of war the Constitution, with all its amendments, is but a scrap of paper and of no force and effect. Hereafter, all that the people who do not work and produce no wealth have to do is to unite and get control of Congress and other branches of the government and declare war on some country—any country—and at once proceed to enact laws in total disregard of the Constitution, and all its guarantees, and arrest and imprison all who disagree or protest. It is well for the people who toil to make a note of this fact.

No man who has regard for the welfare of this country, or who is concerned for its future, can fail to be alarmed at the course that it has followed, and is still following, along the road that leads to empire and imperial institutions. There may yet be time, but unless we turn back soon, it will be too late. It behooves the working class to take over the industries and operate them for use instead of for profit, which will make it possible for the workers to erect an industrial government and to enact laws so that every man shall have all he produces.

Capital is stolen labor, and its only function is to steal more labor.

* * *

Editor's Note: The foregoing is reprinted, by special permission, from former Senator Pettigrew's book, "Imperial Washington," published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co. This book contains the frankest exposé and the most stinging indictment of the Washington government "of, for and by big business," that we have ever read. Mr. Pettigrew spent twelve years in the United States Senate, and knows what he is talking about. We might disagree with some of the author's conclusions and remedies, but when it comes to giving an intimate and vivid picture of how the powerful trusts and corporations own and control the governmental machinery, this book has no equal.

The book contains 441 pages and sells for \$1.25. In order to carry the message of *The Industrial Pioneer* and the lesson of "Imperial Washington" into thousands of homes over the length and breadth of the land, we will send you the *Pioneer* for a year and the book for \$2.25. Regular price for the two: \$3.25.



"My Old Kentucky Home"

The New Migration — Northward

By ALOIS SENNEFELDER, JR.

A REVOLUTION is going on in this country. The direction of migration is being changed. Instead of flowing from east to west, or descending from the colder climes, it is going from the balmy south to the bleak north. Another historic exodus is on that will effect great transformations and perhaps simplify old problems. The Negro is leaving the South for the great industrial centers nearer the Arctic Zone.

The primitive white settlers living in the Appalachian mountains, descendants of original American stock, are also migrating north. They are being enticed from their mountain fastnesses into the modern factory. On top of it all come the Mexicans, who are being imported by the steel, mining and agricultural corporations, in violation of the contract labor law, from beyond the Rio Grande, for a life of slavery. Surely, all this means—or will mean—"something." What?

First, it looks as if "the Solid South" is being broken up, or is disintegrating. **Since it would not absorb capitalism, capitalism is absorbing it.** The Negroes are being drawn into the great melting pot of the country, which has always been to a very great extent located in the North East. They will become artisans, laborers,—

thereby complicating the problems of labor and its organization. What to do with the Negro question in the South, is a problem that is being solved by its absorption into the labor problem of the North. And be it said, to the credit of the Negroes, they are willing to hasten this solution by clamoring for admission into labor unions and by embracing, to a more limited extent, revolutionary ideals. Be it said also to the credit of the I. W. W. in this connection, that it has always welcomed the Negro to its folds, convinced that in the solution of the labor problem would be found the solution of the problems of race, color, and creed.

With the whites of the Appalachians and the Mexicans, it is the same. Absorbed into the northern labor forces, they also tend to become a part of the labor problem and are inseparably bound up in its solution. The I. W. W. has set out to organize them also. In the rubber factories of Akron, in the construction enterprises of Ohio and the coal mines of that state and West Virginia are the mountaineers being brought into contact with modern industrialism and the I. W. W.

The I. W. W. influence among the Mexicans is even more extensive. This is par-

ticularly true of workers in the agricultural, marine transport and mining industries in California, Nevada, Utah and Montana. In these and in the Gulf states, as well as in Mexico and South America, **Solidaridad, the Spanish organ of the I. W. W.**, wields considerable prestige, with the result that many Spanish-speaking workers have been won over to the cause of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Among the Mexican steel workers a like connection prevails. Many imported Mexicans are to be found in the Bethlehem, Pa., steel mills. Thanks to the efforts of some Spanish marine transport workers and to the vigorous organization campaign being conducted by Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union No. 440, of the I. W. W., a great part of them have been reached by the gospel of class solidarity. The I. W. W. press and organization have been of invaluable assistance to them in their fight against steel trust enslavement.

While this is creditable to the I. W. W., it is only a drop in the ocean. The I. W. W. must exert itself more stupendously than ever before, or the reactionary elements that are utilizing the exodus from the South will overgrow the organization and prevent its development, to the destruction of its great ideals. Make no mistake, the great labor problems of the future will center in the North and the East. Unless they are faced and settled there, no advance or solution can be had elsewhere. Let us, then, turn our faces in these directions and build up more organization there. And then still more organization. Nothing but complete, thorough and extensive organization will do.

That is one side, the northern and eastern side, of the revolution in migrations now going on in this country. But there is the other side. How will it affect the South? Will it leave the South in economic ruin and chaos? Or will it compel improvement and development? More likely the latter; especially as the South is failing in its attempts to stop this exodus. A regular war is going on for the control of the labor power of the South. The employment agents of large corporations are arrested and jail-



Mexican Workers

ed. Negroes known to have slipped out to northern destinations also suffer the same fate. On all sides, the southern planters, bankers, and manufacturers are resorting to every means "to keep the Negro in his place." But all to no avail, the South is playing a losing game that will force modifications in its structure,—economic and otherwise. The South will have to step upward in the plane of industrial development, for it has been tried and found wanting; the exodus amply attests to this.

What will all this mean to white labor? For years there has been a tendency for white workers to drift South, especially in the textile, coal, marine, construction, and

other industries. They have taken with them the first weak beginnings of labor unionism. It is likely that, under the new circumstances, more of them may be needed and induced to go South. More labor unionism is likely to result. And so a greater capitalist South may develop, with a stronger industrial unionism.

One thing is certain—that the northern migration has its reactions on the South. The northern Negroes, writing home of northern conditions, affect the South profoundly. New visions, new aspirations, are created; and the leaven of discontent, the soul of progress, is set to work; with the result that even the stay-at-homes become a force for southern regeneration.

And then think of Mexican contact with American industrialism! Its reaction will also mean an upward pull in social develop-

ment for Mexico and Mexicans. Already is this evident in the connections that are being made between the labor movements of both countries; especially the boycott by Mexican labor of California-made movies as a protest against the continued incarceration of the class-war prisoners and the Golden State's unjust criminal syndicalism law.

Verily, those who believe western migration to be "everything," have overlooked the newer migration northward. It is a revolution of profound import, and we had better wake up to the fact. Let us get on the trail of this new social phenomenon. And let us be lively about this, or else we will find it overcrowded by others who, grasping its great possibilities, will get there before us.



Escaped!

(The boiler house whistle is blown "wildcat" when a prisoner makes a "getaway.")

By RALPH CHAPLIN

A MAN has fled . . . ! We clutch the bars and wait;
 The corridors are empty, tense and still;
 A silver mist has dimmed the distant hill;
 The guards have gathered at the prison gate
 Then suddenly the "wildcat" blares its hate
 Like some mad Moloch screaming for the kill;
 Shattering the air with terror loud and shrill,
 The dim, gray walls become articulate.

But Freedom! Freedom is not there nor here!
 In those far cities men can only find
 A vaster prison and a redder hell,
 O'ershadowed by new wings of greater fear.
 Brave fool, for such a world to leave behind
 The iron sanctuary of a cell!

For a Mess of Pottage

By HENRY VAN DORN

ON May the tenth, sixty people, representing the Farmer-Labor, Socialist and Workers' parties, met in the Morrison Hotel in Chicago to outline and make announcement of the purposes and program of the labor party convention to be held in Chicago on July third. It was a meeting of heterogeneous elements — wage workers, farmers, politicians, intellectuals, and members of the middle class. A collection of over four hundred dollars was taken up.

The Morrison Hotel is one of the finest in the city of Chicago. A collection of over four hundred dollars for sixty people averages seven dollars apiece. We leave it to the judgment of the reader to make of these two observations what he will.

The I. W. W. is concerned with the welfare of the man who works in industry for wages. The industrial proletariat as a class is the strongest numerically of any in the United States, not excepting even the farmers. The thing for us to decide, therefore, is whether or not this class has anything to gain through political action, engaged in by a party such as has been proposed at this meeting.

In the first place, can any ground be found on which such divergent elements as were here represented could work in concert for the common good? Is there any precedent either in current or past history that this can be done?

We will have to admit that there is not, and that, therefore, to advise the industrial workers to spend time, money, and energy in political action is pure and simple opportunism. Opportunism is a mortal enemy of the working class. Witness the present rulers of capitalist Europe.

Working Class Renegades

Premiers Mussolini and Branting of Italy and Sweden respectively, and presidents Millerand of France and Ebert of Germany, are all of them ex-socialists, political op-

portunists and traitors to the working class. Almost the whole of Europe is ruled today by politicians who once professed to be fighting in the interests of the working class. Now they are the henchmen of capitalism.

Is the same thing to be repeated in the United States? If such be not the professed purpose of the proposed labor party, the results undoubtedly will be the same, should it ever attain the same strength reached by the European political movement.

The agitation for working class political action rests on the fallacy of popular democratic government; it is the duty of all those who have the interests of the industrial worker at heart to do everything in their power to check the spread of these wrong and injurious ideas.

No such thing as democracy exists on the earth today, nor is there the least chance for it to come into being for a long time to come. The electoral system in all countries is part and parcel of capitalist dictatorship. By telling the workers that they can gain anything by taking part in the electoral system, we are miseducating them and merely blinding them to the facts as they actually are.

The powers that be are not afraid of political action by the workers, no matter how revolutionary this action may be proclaimed to be. As a matter of fact, they would welcome it if they realized how serviceable it is to them; and sometimes they do. It is one of the safety valves through which popular discontent fizzles off without doing any damage to the capitalist system.

Futility of Political Action

If anybody wants to be convinced of the futility of political action, let him consider some of the European countries: Italy, England, Germany and France. Is anybody rabid enough to say that if the workers

in these countries had not been misled and miseducated for so many years by their political leaders, that they would be in such a deplorable condition today?

England has close to a million and a half unemployed. Many millions more are receiving wages of from \$5 to \$8 per week. There is a housing shortage of about one million homes. In short, the British worker is in as sorry a plight today as he could well be. Yet the Labor Party is one of the three strongest parties in Parliament. The working class is represented by over one hundred members.

In the face of this, the mass of workers are helpless and starving, and will no doubt continue in that condition for quite some time to come. Their bodies are enslaved to the master class and their minds are enslaved to the fetish of political action, which prevents them from doing anything to rid themselves of the bonds of slavery. All they have been able to attain has been a lot of fine sounding phrases, such as the resolution introduced in Parliament by Philip Snowden to abolish capitalism and substitute in its place socialism; it sounds nice and revolutionary, but that's about all the good it does to the unemployed and starving British workingmen.

The classic illustration of the failure of political action is, of course, Germany. There they have the socialist Frederick Ebert as president of the German republic. Yet the whole of Germany is today in the hands of a few industrial magnates who practically exercise powers of life and death over the working people. In no other country has trustification of industry reached such an advanced stage and in no other country are the industrial workers so absolutely at the mercy of their industrial overlords; yet to all intents and purposes Germany is today a republic run by socialists who are supposed to be the representatives of the working class. Of course, the truth in the matter is that these so-called representatives of the workers are nothing but puppets in the hands of the big capitalists who are masters of the situation by virtue of their control over industry.

The Italian Fascisti

But the greatest lesson is to be learned from Italy. There the workers were getting too strong to suit the purposes of the bourgeoisie. It is safe to say that what happened in Italy will be repeated in other countries as soon as the workers actually become strong enough on the political field to be even remotely a menace to the ruling class. At one fell blow the Fascisti demolished the Italian electoral system and substituted in its place the rule of brute force. When the disguise of democracy no longer serves the needs of the ruling class, it is done away with and other more drastic methods are used.

Let the dictatorship of the Fascisti in Italy serve as an example to all those who try to fool themselves and others by pointing to the great benefits to be obtained for the working class through parliamentary action. All political parties in Italy have been practically abolished. The Chamber of Deputies might as well be dissolved for all the good it does to anybody. Thousands of duly elected municipal and other officials have been put out of office; in hundreds of cases, they have been literally thrown out through the windows. Opposition newspapers have been mercilessly suppressed. Hundreds of buildings, newspaper offices, party and union headquarters have been razed and burned to the ground. Many thousands of men and women have been murdered by the Fascist bands—the Ku Klux Klan of Italy—and over sixty thousand have been arrested on various charges, many of them being sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The very last vestige and semblance of popular government has been abolished.

The accumulated labors of many years of hard work by the workers and peasants to gain control over city, provincial, and federal governmental institutions have been done away with inside of a few months. That is what is to be expected whenever the working class begins seriously to encroach upon the prerogatives of the master class by the use of political action. The labor unions and the co-operative move-

ment also suffered in this onslaught, but not to the same extent. The demoralization in the unions would not be near as great had they not been, not wholly excepting even the syndicalists, so closely linked up with the political movement.

The following statement by Premier Mussolini is highly illuminating: "Fascismo is not afraid to declare itself liberal or anti-liberal. It has already passed, and if necessary will pass again, without the slightest hesitation, over the body, more or less decomposed, of the Goddess of Liberty."

The dangers of reposing faith in a political party have been amply illustrated in Soviet Russia. The main concern of the Russian Communist party at present seems to be the enforcement of the new economic policy, which is tantamount to the reintroduction of capitalism with all its evils. The logic of events and the course of evolution no doubt demand it, but to imagine that on this score the immediate interests of the industrial workers and of the present government are identical, is to have a wrong conception of the Russian situation.

An American Labor Party

Bearing these things in mind, we can now return to the United States. No doubt a labor party will spring into existence in the future, and it might even attain considerable strength in some localities and might become a factor of national importance, but this will not prove anything one way or another. The question is, of what earthly use can it be to the industrial workers either in their struggle with the employers for immediate demands or in the ultimate struggle for the abolition of the wage system?

We claim that it can be of no use at all, and that for anyone who actually understands the *modus operandi* of capitalism to say and preach the contrary is to deliberately miseducate the working class. For any body of men which professes to have the interests of the industrial worker at heart to devote its energies toward the formation of such a labor party is to run

wild with opportunism. We consider it our duty to warn the workers of the false prophets who are trying to lead them into the by-paths of confusion and political folly.

Five men sitting on the bench of the United States Supreme Court can declare unconstitutional any law passed by both houses of Congress and approved by the President. It can overrule all of the laws passed by any of the state legislatures and its executives. This was recently demonstrated by the Supreme Court declaring unconstitutional, by a majority of one, the Minimum Wage Act of the District of Columbia. In the face of this where does the usefulness of parliamentary action come in?

Economic Power

The basis of all power is the possession of economic power. Just so long as their supremacy in industry is not menaced the capitalists are sure to remain safe in the saddle. They are, therefore, not afraid of anything which looks forward to a change in the personnel of political institutions—the handmaidens of the big capitalists and financiers. As long as the industries are safely in the control of the powers that be, it makes no difference under what name the various political representatives might be put in office, the capitalists would remain masters of the situation. While economic power is still in the hands of the capitalists and the structure of the governmental machinery is not changed, Congress would continue to function in the interests of the capitalists even if every representative and senator were a socialist, laborite or communist.

The only place where the workers can fight the master class effectively is in industry at the point of production. Only there can they obtain their immediate demands for higher wages, better conditions, shorter hours; only there can they obtain their demands and ambitions of whatever character.

The master class knows this; that is one reason why it is so afraid of militant industrial action. That is the reason why it per-

secutes the Industrial Workers of the World. It realizes that the I. W. W. offers the only means through which the workers can come into possession of the good things of life; in other words, of the whole product of their labor. Knowing this, the employing class is exceedingly vicious in persecuting our organization.

While the so-called working class political parties are weak, the capitalists are not afraid of them, under whatever name

they might masquerade; the capitalists are not afraid of revolutionary phrases. When they get stronger, as in Italy, they are crushed. What the master class is afraid of is that the workers might get a stronghold on industry by organizing themselves into genuine industrial labor unions.

It is the duty of every class-conscious, militant industrial worker to disillusion his fellow men about the mirage of political action.



Passing the Winter Away at Palm Beach, Florida—A Fashionable Retreat for the Over-Worked Class, Including the Tired Politician. Golf, Politics and Bridge Are the Favorite Sports.

The Logic of To-Day

By RAGNAR REDBEARD

THEN what's the use of dreaming dreams—
that "each shall get his own"

By forceless votes of meek-eyed thralls,
who blindly sweat and moan?

No! a curse is on their cankered brains—
their very bones decay:

Go! trace your fate in the Iron Game,
is the Logic of To-day.

The Marine Transport Industry

By A MARINE WORKER

THE World War withdrew workers by the millions from productive industrial occupations into the industries producing ammunition and other war supplies for the support of huge armies. It recruited millions of men from the army of peacetime production to carry on war, thereby causing a rapid increase in the prices of food, clothing and shelter. It decreased the number of unemployed to such an extent that the workers finally found themselves in such demand that they could ask for and get more wages and better working conditions than formerly. The employers had to give in. The shipowners were no exception; they had to grant some of the demands of their employes; they had to be "good" to their workers in order to obtain young men and boys for the fast-growing fleet of ships of the American Merchant Marine.

The International Seamen's Union

The unions affiliated with the International Seamen's Union of America were speedily built up, especially on the Atlantic Coast, mostly through the aid of the U. S. Shipping Board and the shipping commissioners. The functions of these unions were mainly to aid in insuring the necessary discipline and to supply the demand for seamen at the prescribed rate of wages and conditions given by the owners and agreed upon by the union through contracts. They thus served as a convenient medium by which the shipowners kept the marine workers down to the terms of the contracts during a time when the seamen, had they been differently regulated, or organized, would have been able to get much greater remuneration for their labor power.

During the latter part of 1920, shipping decreased to an alarming rate. The agreements of the shipowners with the unions of the I. S. U. of A. very wisely had been set to expire on the first of May, 1921, when shipping had decreased to the desired point for the shipowners to reduce the standard of living of the crews to the lowest possible limit. The many autonomous parts of the I. S. U. had been very carefully kept apart from one another and were but loosely federated through a per capita to the general office, with Andrew Furuseth as its president. Internecine strife and hatred between the crafts were openly maintained; the longshoremen and their international, which also was and is still affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, came in for a large share of this foolish hatred.

Owing to this state of affairs, and chafing under the iron-fisted rule of their well-fed, highly paid and conservative officials, who could not be removed from their positions, the members at last woke up to their own helplessness, the weakness of their separate craft unions and the corruption of their officialdom. In the fight that followed whatever good work had been done in the past was destroyed. The mem-

bers got disgusted and deserted the unions by the thousands, until today there remains only the corrupt officialdom, reigning supreme, supported by finks and a few dupes who are offering their services to the shipowners, and are "stooling" on members and delegates of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, of the I. W. W.

The I. S. U. of A. has in this strike degenerated into a scab-herding outfit and the few members it still possesses were during this strike scabbing on the seamen under police protection. Every self-respecting seaman of today abhors it. Thus ends the last chapter in the history of the once prominent International Seamen's Union of America.

Industrial Union No. 510

In contrast to the above, another and greater organization sprang into existence, strengthened and purified in spirit by the many battles it has waged against the master class, and recognizing no craft divisions, creed, nationality, or color; an organization having great aims and ideals, without high-salaried officials, industrial in form and using up-to-date tactics in the fight against the employers; an organization which declares that the workers are the producers of all wealth and that therefore all wealth must go to labor. This organization, international in scope, and having for its motto "An injury to one is an injury to all," is the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, of the Industrial Workers of the World.

This union held in its ranks a few seamen illuminated by its ideals, who realized the greatness of its work and the importance of its mission. They were aware of the obstacles in the way of building up a powerful marine transport workers' organization, yet they were filled with hope and enthusiasm, energy and determination. They acted as missionaries of a new faith, always busy, always eager to learn from past mistakes in order that in the future they might be victorious. They got many converts who again in their turn got many more.

And so it came about that these seamen who had lost faith in their old leaders—who had been proved to be blind leaders—began instead to place all confidence in themselves and to build up their own organization, in conformity with the principle of always keeping power in their own hands instead of delegating it to someone else.

This organization is steadily growing into still greater power and prominence. Since its inception it has been an inspiration and a fighting weapon to stop the encroachments of the masters and to gain improvements for the workers both ashore and afloat. Shorter hours, higher wages and better working conditions had been obtained on many ships even prior to the calling of the big strike.

That the members knew when to act to their best advantage, has been demonstrated by crews striking either when signing on or at the last minute before departure of ships.

The Marine Strike a Success

Several months ago these M. T. W. seamen began in various ports to draw up demands for more of the good things of life, realizing that the organization would soon be strong enough to make the strike general on all American ships and on all foreign ships hiring crews out of American ports. Boston branch a few weeks ago started the ball rolling by tying up ships for more "dough" and improved conditions of labor. This met with great response and enthusiasm in other ports. New York, the greatest port in the world, went out on the 25th of April, and communicated by wire their action to the other branches. The response was wonderful; by the 26th every port on the Atlantic, the Gulf and the Pacific coasts had struck. The general strike in the marine transport industry was on.

The first demand of the marine workers was the release of all political and class-war prisoners. With the marine and lumber workers striking, with many thousands of workers out in other industries throughout the United States, this strike certainly has served as a forceful reminder to the owners of industry what can be expected from the wobblies in no distant future. The bosses will eventually be forced to admit that it is too expensive to continue keeping our fellow workers in prison. More of this spirit might hit them in their pocket-books so hard that they will order their politicians to let our fellow workers out. That for the time being the marine workers have gone back to work merely means that they are gathering their forces

for another and stronger assault on the master class for the liberation of our class-war prisoners.

The strike went over with a bang. Many ports were tied up from 80 to 100 per cent—including the longshoremen. It was the most extensive spontaneous strike in the history of the marine transport industry, for it came at the most opportune time. The lakes were opening up, giving employment to thousands of seamen up there; owing to the improved industrial conditions thruout the United States plenty of work could be found ashore at fairly good wages, which left fewer seamen on the beach hungry and willing to become scabs. The demand for carriers at the time was great, freight rates were high; the owners could not afford a prolonged stoppage of their ships. As it was, the strike cost them millions of dollars. These are the principal reasons why the shipowners came to terms so soon, granting wage increases of from fifteen to twenty per cent, and most of the other demands. Except the liberation of our class-war prisoners, but —we never forget!

The prospects are highly encouraging that out of this strike will come closer co-operation between the M. T. W. in the United States and the marine workers of foreign countries. In England and Germany, and especially in Mexican and South American ports, a number of crews walked out. However, we cannot expect much for some time to come because of the disorganized and demoralized state of the foreign marine workers.

Sentiment for O. B. U. Strong

The sentiment for our organization—for the One Big Union—is growing with leaps and bounds, here and abroad, aboard ships and ashore. The hardest job confronting us is the lining up of the longshoremen, teamsters and truck drivers, whose outlook is distorted by their craft unions, but we are confident of being able to accomplish even this.

The Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union 510, of the I. W. W., is already the most popular and best liked union among the seamen all over the world, and is becoming more and more so from day to day. The reason is its superiority in every way; it is the most militant, the most inclusive and democratic of all marine organizations; It has a far-reaching and comprehensive program. It has given new hope and inspiration to the marine workers everywhere. The One Big Union of all the workers is the only weapon by the use of which the producers of wealth will be able to come into their own.



(NEWS photo)

I. W. W. STRIKE.—A seamen's strike here was called yesterday by I. W. W. leaders Abe Franquiz, W. Drennen, Leonard Greene, W. Danton and James Walsh (l. to r.).

This Picture Appeared in One of the Big New York Daily Papers

Mr. Kyne Joins the Head-Hitters

By JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL

IN California the popular sport among the leisure class is to hit the head of the nearest I. W. W. with any object that happens to be handy. Now and then the best citizens get together with tar and feathers or a rope, or with baseball bats, and hold a merry party. Again, they vary this diversion by invoking the magicians of the local county prosecutor's office, who with the presto-wand known as the criminal syndicalism law can transform any man who helped to build the roads into a poisonous reptile with promptness and dispatch.

Baseball bats have been found exceedingly effective, especially among the smart set of Los Angeles, in battering the fingers of Wobblies who, having fled a sportsmen's party of superior numbers, are hanging by the hands from lofty window ledges of the I. W. W. Hall with a nice, soft pavement below on which to fall when their fingers give out under the hammering.

This genial sport in a multitude of forms has been in vogue in California these 14 years. The I. W. W. have been regarded as the poor relations of those who ride the roads in high-priced cars. They are convenient figures on which to blame any untoward happening, such as a forest fire set going by locomotive sparks; the collapse of a reviewing stand built by a contractor who is a good politician; or the poisoning of guests with soup from copper kettles at a banquet tendered to notables from England and Iowa.

Almost every newspaper editor in California is both a golf enthusiast and an ardent hunter of I. W. W. heads. And the Head-Hitters' Club membership is open to any writer who can wield a typewriter with a preponderance of accuracy in the direction of an Industrial Worker's ear.

Peter B. Kyne is a recent notable addition to the ranks of the Head-Hitters. He qualifies for membership in Hearst's Cosmopolitan Magazine in a marine short story entitled, "The Thunder God." Thus a million onlookers watch while Mr. Kyne swings his bludgeon; and Mr. Hearst's native heath is saved once more from the "menace" which interferes so often with the comfortable enjoyment of wealth brought home by shackled oarsmen in one's galleys.

In Mr. Kyne's story there is to be a ship launching in San Francisco harbor. Something happens. The low pressure turbine gets jammed so the boat can't start. Valdemar Sigurdson, whom Old Man Hickman has raised from a pup, is now port captain, and he gets wrought up. He sets out to find the cur who did this thing.

He finds a sailor named "Frenchy" packing his things. From this point the story proceeds thus:

"I'm going to search you," said the Viking.

"You can't search me without a search warrant. I'll have the police on you," the man screamed angrily.

"You damned sea lawyer. Shut up." The Viking cuffed the man with his open hand gently, as a mother bear cuffs her cubs. Then, holding Frenchy fast with his left arm and leg, he went through the man's pockets until he found a battered pocketbook.

"It ought to be in here," he mused; and with a shove sent his prisoner reeling back into the sterncastle. "Ah! It is. Here is his membership card in the I. W. W. showing his dues paid to date. Damned rotten French anarchist. Well, he'll never cripple another ship—the rat!"

"Frenchy pulled an automatic pistol from his pocket.—But Valdemar did not stand aside.

"No," he said patiently, "you can't get away with this. Shoot and be damned to you. Even if you get me through the heart, I'll live long enough to get my hands on you; then I'll break your neck and you'll die lingeringly. You're an enemy of this world, you crazy swine, and I'm going to destroy you."

"Frenchy fired one bullet, missing. The next was defective. Valdemar knocked the gun out of Frenchy's hand, and the man fell to the deck screaming.

"Get up," said Valdemar Sigurdson, "and die like a man."

There is much more of this chivalric action. And at the end:

"Old Man Hickman walked up to the moaning Frenchy and spurned him contemptuously in the ribs. 'Score one for capitalism,' he piped."

The Cosmopolitan's editors liked that story so well that they asked Mr. Kyne to write a series along the same lines. But on completing that one Mr. Kyne was taken ill. So it seems that the Head-Hitters' Club will have to struggle along without him for a while.

Nina Wilcox Putnam has been invited to become a member of the California club, in view of her chain-shot hurling in a fiction story in the Saturday Evening Post—the chain-shot being aimed at Sacco and Vanzetti while they were on trial for murder committed by payroll bandits in Massachusetts. And Emerson Hough, who lately died, was a worthy eligible by reason of his book, "The Web," which celebrates the achievements of the illustrious American Protective League during the European unpleasantness.



"A Working Machine Must Not Play the Piano, Must Not Feel Happy, Must Not Do A Whole Lot of Things."

"R. U. R."

THE time will never come when scientific research will have evolved a method of manufacturing human beings quicker and cheaper than is done by nature. Yet from the time when the primitive cave-dweller turned a stone into a tool, the human mind has been at work putting inert matter and the living forces of nature in the service of society. In the play "R. U. R."—Rossum's Universal Robots—which has created such a stir both in Europe and America, a scientist by the name of Rossum daringly conceives the idea of manufacturing artificial workers, human automatons, known as robots. This is but a figment of the human brain, a far-fetched fantasy, but the moral that it points out is of tremendous importance.

What could be more alluring to our present captains of industry than to obtain a formula whereby an army of standardized, model workers could be manufactured on a large scale, equipping them with only such physical organs and mental attributes as would make them useful working machines, devoid of everything that tends to hinder the making of profits? They would be creatures without ideals or souls, lacking even the slightest interest in themselves.

The play is the product of the intrepid mind of a young Czecho-Slovakian playwright, Karel Capek. He has succeeded in weaving a most lurid and, at the same time, ironical melodrama around the theme of the class struggle—the degradation of the present-

day industrial worker into a veritable mechanical working machine which lives and moves and has its being with but one end in view—to make profits for the master class. With an uncanny insight into this profit-mad world, he produces a sociological fantasy full of old ideas in new attire: The supremacy of one class over another; the resentment felt by class-conscious slaves toward their masters; the subsequent revolt and destruction of “those who do not work but live off the labor of others.”

The action in the play takes place on an island where Rossum's Universal Robots are being manufactured on a large scale, at cost of one hundred and fifty dollars apiece. The impregnation of these robots takes place in the test-tubes in the factory laboratories. They are then put through various processes of manufacture; bones are supplied by the bone factory and nerves, brains, and all the necessary accessories, including a “high class human finish,” in their respective departments. A perfect “human” machine is produced to supply the world's industries with docile mechanical workers.

The factory heads are typical. They range from a general manager, who holds idealistic theories about liberating “mankind”—from the “drudgery” of labor by letting the robots do all the work, to a psychological experimenter who provides these working machines with pain nerves—without them they would wastefully break off their fingers and other members. Little thought is given to anything else but industrial efficiency and the satisfaction of an insatiable greed for profits. Their motto is: “The cheaper the labor power, the greater the output, and therefore the greater the profit.”

The making of the robots goes on unhindered, until a young woman, a member of a “humanity league,” comes into their midst to remonstrate with the factory managers on the inhuman treatment of the robots. Her appeal, to provide these workers with more human feeling, with ideals, is met with amusing ridicule. They explain, that were the robots to have ideals, to have a will of their own, to distinguish happiness from misery, they would be too expensive; that is, a robot is a working machine, and happiness in a machine is not necessary. They are made for the specific purpose of producing dividends and profit. She is further informed by the manufacturers that these workers are sexless, but that the reason female robots are manufactured is because society is accustomed to the services of chambermaids, domestic servants, and other female “help.” And again, unlike other mortals, the robots do not die; they “just get used up.”

To afford the play a convenient turning point, the playwright throws in a little romance. After a rapid-fire courtship, the young woman who came to liberate the robots becomes the wife of the general manager. However, she does not abandon her hope to humanize the robots. She conspires with the psychological experimenter to improve on these

machine-like workers. As a result he produces a few hundred that are nearly human. In fact, the specimens of this new brand are in mind and body superior to “people”, and they are also provided with a certain amount of emotions and sentiments, which were absent in the other robots. As a consequence, they become conscious of their position in this man-made society and rebel. They form a nucleus for an international workers' organization. This they find a comparatively easy task, since they are all made alike—universal—which fact their makers the capitalists recognized as a mistake only too late. As one of the capitalists fittingly bewails: “Ours was a colossal achievement, but we are about to burst with our greatness.” The more optimistic of them plan to make “national robots” in the future: Negroes, Chinese, and of all other races and languages, in order to prevent international revolts in the future.

This, however, cannot be realized, because the formulae for making these workers have been destroyed. The fate of the manufacturers is now fully in the hands of the robots. These latter now seize all the industries, telegraph and radio stations; they man the army and navy; in short, they exchange places with the capitalist class of the world. They kill all the “people” on the face of the earth—by “people” being understood the members of the ruling class.

It is interesting to follow the discourse and reasoning of the doomed manufacturers on Rossum's island. They are all barricaded within the home of the general manager. Doors and windows are bolted to keep out the enraged mob of workers, who have surrounded the building. One of the capitalists peers through the window at the relentless mob below. “One hundred thousand faces alike,” he groans, “one hundred thousand expressions alike.”

The denunciation by the robots of the parasite class is profound. Radius, a robot with a superior intellect, and later one of the active revolutionists, is an outstanding character. He has had a “break-down in his mechanism,” as his makers put it. In other words, he has become class-conscious and proceeds thus to give his oppressors “a piece of his mind”: “I won't work for you. You are not as strong as the robots. You are not as skillful as the robots. The robots can do everything. You only give orders. You do nothing but talk. I don't want any master. I know everything for myself. We ourselves, the robots, want to be the masters.”

The revolting slaves kill off all but one man, an architect whom they have seen working with his hands—the only man in the Rossum establishment they respect.

The play winds up with an epilogue much as any other play ends. After the revolution the “soulless” army of workers are in a predicament. They cannot reproduce themselves; neither can they manufacture any more robots because the formula is lost.



**"Robots of the World! The Power of Man Has Fallen! A New World Has Arisen:
The Rule of the Robots!"**

But fortunately for them, just as the world is about to end, a young robot and robotess come on the scene. They are the highest specimens of the "improved" lot who have been provided with human instincts. They manifest human attractions for each other, which conveniently solves the problem of mortality.

We are convinced that the workers neither of Europe nor America will permit the master class

to turn them into robots. We must recognize, however, that the trend of industrial development, of the machine process, of the whole system of capitalism, is in that direction. The author of "R. U.R." has rendered a great service to mankind by so dramatically calling the attention of all who have eyes to see and brains to understand, to this aspect of the class struggle.

Rosa A. Knuuti.

The Skeptic

By "QU"

BECAUSE the rose
In perfect sinlessness and sweetness blows,
Must we suppose
God roses only knows?
Because the dove
Croons amorous from noon till night above,
How does it prove
God made the world for love?
Because the gist
Of life escapes our grasping like the mist,
Need we insist
That any God exist?

On the San Pedro Slave Market

By FRED R. WEDGE

THIS is a recital of conditions on the San Pedro waterfront before the great strike of marine transport workers and longshoremen took place. I leave it to the intelligence and judgment of all sane man and women whether or not these workers had sufficient cause to strike.

I registered as a stevedore on March 21 at the office of the Pacific American Steamship and Ship Owners' Association. The slave number given me was 1313. The blue employment card was signed by E. Nichols; card revocable any time Nichols thinks the slave shows radical symptoms.

On this eventful morning over four hundred workers had been waiting outside since daybreak, in the hope of getting work cards. Inside the big building once known as the "slave pen" or "fink hall," over eight hundred workers were crowding, pushing, milling, like a drove of cattle on the range, holding their blue cards out to stevedore foremen pedestaled above them like medieval kings on thrones. The bosses looked down on the workers with critical eyes, sizing them up and picking them out, the same as did the plantation owners prior to the Civil War with their black slaves before buying them.

The job seekers are yelling: "Here I am, Alex!" "Over here, Bull Dog!" "You know me, Knuteson!" "Oh, boss, give me a chance!" "I'll give you two dollars for a job—three dollars—five dollars!"

Another yells out: "I'll give you ten per cent of what I make—take me!" Some slave way back in the crowd cries out: "I'm nice and fat, take me!"

Then a big six foot stevedore tramples over the smaller workers, like a big bull plunging through the steers on the range. The bosses see him stampeding the other wage slaves and make a rush to give him a work card. This slave, they well know, will make the others run on the job—he'll "speed 'em up." He gets his card and with proud arrogant air crowds "the little fellers" out of his way again.

One man who had been knocked down by this husky fellow worker said to me:

"I don't know what I'll do if I don't connect with a work card today—I have a wife and three children in San Pedro and all I've made in two weeks is \$4.00. Every morning I get here before six and stand up against this iron rail all day. I'm getting desperate. It's hard to see your wife and babies hungry when a few have all the good things of life."

An old gray-headed man was trying to fight his way to the boss. His shrunken body and wrinkled face made a pathetic appeal as he tried to bravely grin with toothless gums. He was just a worn-out old wage slave. The master's greed for gold had stripped him of all that he once held

precious. Now forsaken by the masters, he waits the final call to the morgue—homeless, friendless; remembered for a day, the great curtain will soon close over him and some young husky stevedore will step up to the iron rail in the slave market to take his place.

As I turned away with a heavy, sinking feeling, a nauseating disgust against a system that would throw on the social rubbish heap this old man after almost every drop of blood had been squeezed out of him, a cripple limped up to me.

"It's tough to see men like you stand up in competition with these husky stevedores," I remarked.

"I was alright till a dock boss jerked a truck out of my hands and a heavy piece of iron broke my ankle."

"But why didn't you sue the company? The employers are responsible for the actions of their foremen."

This touched a sore spot. "Sue the company, hell! I went to a lawyer and he told me the most I could get was \$200, and I'd never get a chance to work on the docks again. The company has all the slaves insured, and although I was entitled to \$16.00 a week I never got it. Now the boss says when there are lots of boats and they're short of men he might take me on. I'm hoping so."

Another fellow was cussing the system that would cause him to stand up in the slave market and be bid upon like a chattel slave.

"I am from Nebraska," he said. "I came out here looking for work, and this is all I could find. I put in two years at the University of Nebraska. I have learned that a lot of things they taught me in college are not true. The old professor in economics said that labor is not a commodity. He might as well have said that water will not freeze. Labor is a commodity under this present system. The law of supply and demand governs the price they pay the wage slave."

"Young man," I replied, "you have been listening to some of these I. W. W. speakers up at Fourth and Beacon streets in San Pedro."

"Speakers, nothing! It's not the talk that makes radicals—it's the damn conditions under which we work. Say, I've learned more about the real principles of economics in one month here on the slave market than all those subsidized high-brow professors taught me in all my days at school and college. It's coming."

"What's coming?" I asked, looking around, expecting to be trampled under foot by a gang of old stevedores.

"Why, a changed system, you damn fool!"

I admitted I had been a fool, but that I was beginning to take on a little education since I had



Fred R. Wedge, a Striking Stevedore and the Author of This Article

left Harvard. I wanted to just stay and hear these men talk and get some facts from them, for they dealt not in theories, but in the hard, cold facts of everyday life; these class-conscious men had been educated in the university of hard knocks.

* * *

I suggest to every high school teacher and college professor of economics and sociology to put on a pair of overalls and handle a longshoreman's hook for a few months, and see if his parlor theories on economics will stand the test. Today one looks almost in vain among business men, editors, school teachers, clergymen and politicians for an intelligent understanding of the demands of the industrial workers. The ruling class hastens its own downfall by the manner in which it deals with the masses. The leaders in power seek to draw public attention back to old issues and faiths which are dead. The fact that the old charms and shibboleths no longer work, that the industrial laborer of today is intelligent enough to see right through them, to discover hid-

den motives which they attempt to disguise, and to laugh at them, is stoutly denied by these self-appointed leaders.

As I went into the inner office of the Pacific American Steamship Association, I wondered if this man Nichols, into whose presence I was about to be ushered, really knew what those men in the slave pen were thinking. The ship owners, hungry for dividends, placing the dollar far above human values, and blinded by greed, fail to read the hand-writing on the wall.

Nichols did not impress me either by his appearance or intelligence. I have less respect for these sleek, well fed, well groomed tools of the masters than for the masters themselves. The masters accumulate millions, the go-betweens like Nichols drive the wage slaves—play the Judas Iscariot to their fellow men, and don't even get any dividends to placate their consciences with.

"What's your name?"

"F. R. Wedge."

"Ever work for this company before?"

"No."

"Are you a member of the I. W. W.?"

The truth is, at that time I was not a member, nor did I possess very definite ideas about the aims and objects of the organization. I showed him my Elks card. This seemed to satisfy him that I was an obedient slave. But his satisfaction was but for a moment. When he started to write my name in the slip which was to O. K. me with the registration clerk, somehow my name seemed to look different on paper.

"Wedge—Wedge—say, are you the fellow that has been speaking for the I. W. W's. in San Pedro?"

I replied that I had been doing some lecturing on economics, that teaching was my profession. Nichols rang the buzzer. I thought it was for a policeman, but Kelly, another company official, answered the ring.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, I've been expecting him here for several months. I knew he'd get here sooner or later. You're the man who gets \$15 a night for speaking for the I. W. W."

I felt highly complimented to think the Pacific Steamship Manager placed such a high value on my services, but I was forced to admit that the Industrial Workers of the World place no such money value on my lectures. In fact, that I received no remuneration, but had begun to speak in defense of the working men who had been unjustly imprisoned on a fake charge of criminal syndicalism. So I told him that from a monetary standpoint my work had not been a success, that I was now forced to seek a job in order to support a wife and son. In the medieval days they considered it no sin to lie to a heretic and now the heretic was prevaricating to a representative of the master class.

The point is that I had made up my mind to get a job and see with my own eyes what's what on

the San Pedro water front, so after I had lied to E. Nichols and his tool Kelly, I added to my infamy by handing him a paper which I had written on the I. W. W. while I was studying at Harvard in Dr. Wm. McDougal's class in abnormal psychology. I wrote this paper before I ever met an I. W. W., when I was as innocent of the great idea of the one big union as my distinguished professor was ignorant of the struggles of the workers. I read to Nichols and Kelly some of the hottest Harvard arguments against the I. W. W., taking particular care not to reveal the fact that the thesis was a year old. In this paper I tried to prove that the I. W. W. idea was not caused by economic conditions but was merely an attitude of mind; that the "crowd ideas" of the radicals were "fixations," indicating that their leaders were neurotics and paranoiacs. In fact, in that paper I called the I. W. W.'s every long scientific term I could steal from learned professors who had "Harvard ideas" about the workers.

I could tell immediately that Nichols and Kelly were greatly impressed by those psychological jaw-breakers. I am sure they understood not a word of it, but they both expressed the thought they considered I was on the right line—that I had taken a very reasonable and rational view against the I. W. W.

So I exchanged my Harvard thesis on the I. W. W., written before I ever met a member of the organization, for a blue card. Nichols made it perfectly clear that I was not to be considered a common worker, that as soon as I became familiar with the stevedore business, I would be made a boss and would make from \$70 to \$80 a week. Kelly invited Mrs. Wedge and son to his Long Beach home, and I left the office of the Pacific American Steamship Owners with a very poor opinion of the intelligence of Nichols and Kelly, and a greater respect for the workers in the slave pen. I pondered upon the ignorance of those two men in that inner office about the great amount of knowledge among the workers on the slave market. Nichols had just told me that the present unrest among the seamen and stevedores was all uncalled for, that everything would be all right, were it not for the I. W. W. agitators who make the workers discontented. That when they succeed in silencing them by the use of force, by charging them with criminal syndicalism and sending them to San Quentin for ten or twenty years, that then everything will be "fine and dandy." "All will then be peace in the ranks of the seamen and stevedores forever and ever. Amen."

* * *

In writing of my experiences during the past four weeks on the slave market, before the slaves rebelled and went on strike, I have cast behind me proprieties usually held sacred. I have spared no one. I have considered principles and human values more sacred than personal confidences. Personally, I have nothing against either of the two company officials men-

tioned; they promised to give me the best of it and they tried to live up to that promise. In that inner office they told me that some of their most trusted men were once sympathetic to the I. W. W. but that now they are strongly against the wobblies. Sold out for thirty pieces of silver—O, Judas, thou art still alive! When the strike was called, some of these renegades to the working class became scab herders for the Pacific American Steamship Owners, they perjured their souls with acts of violence against the men who are trying to bring about a new and better system of society by organizing and educating the workers to the end of abolishing wage slavery.

* * *

On the following morning I was at the iron rail of the slave pen in the fink hall at six o'clock. There were men who had come even earlier. True to his word, Kelly stood beside one of the foremen and pointed me out. There was nothing fair in that method. I was told of the blue ribbon gangs—the men who have steady work. I thought they hold these jobs because they were better workers than the others, but I found that it is not so. Many of them never show up in the slave market. Most of them are personal friends of the bosses; they will stay on the job and scab when others strike. Some of them furnish wine and whiskey to the boss when he visits their homes, which happens quite frequently. Free eats, free booze, free cigars and cigarettes, at every visit. It is commonly reported and alleged that some of the more ignorant workers in these blue ribbon gangs, whose sense of justice and morality has been dulled through generations of slave philosophy, even permit familiarity of the bosses with their women folks at home.

Verily, verily, the modern stevedore boss is a regular feudal lord. In the dark ages, the serf had to get the consent of his master before he could marry, and often the lord of the manor got the first night. I hope the stevedore boss is more considerate. But the ethics of the dark ages still flourish.

To pass rapidly over the experiences of the last four weeks before the strike—when day after day I lined up with hundreds of workers in the slave pen and scarcely made starvation wages. I worked for a while on boats carrying cement and fertilizer, until I saw some men faint—who were not as strong and healthy as I. A few years of such toil will throw anybody on the social scrap heap. The policy of the Pacific American Steamship Company has been to keep hundreds of extra workers ready for extra boats, but with no thought as to how these workers are to live.

* * *

Then came the great day, the day when the slaves on the San Pedro water front asserted their manhood, when they looked each other square in the eyes and called themselves men. The strike was called on Wednesday, April 25. The vote was taken

in such a manner that the police officers and stool-pigeons scattered among the crowd were unaware that a strike ballot was in progress.

The following wage scale was demanded: A minimum wage of \$100 per month for seamen and three watches to prevail for all seamen except coal-burning firemen, who shall have four watches—a 44-hour week. A minimum scale of one dollar an hour for longshoremen. A 44-hour week for harbor workers. All overtime at double pay. All men must be hired through the M. T. W. 510 Union Hall; this means the abolition of the San Pedro slave market. And, the biggest demand of all,—the liberation of all class-war prisoners. The fight was on.

The usual lies were printed in the capitalist papers.

The workers were accused by Nichols of "threats of violence, in which weapons were said to have been displayed in calling workers from the ships. Capt. Plummer also negotiated with chief of police Oaks for fifty additional officers to patrol the San Pedro wharves to prevent greater violence."

The fact is that there has been no violence among the striking workers, the violence and provocations have been committed by the tools of capital. This also is news, but it never gets into the papers. The police are so busy watching the I. W. W. that the bootleggers are around the streets openly soliciting trade—peddlers with hip pocket flasks are offering free drinks to the strikers. But the workers are wise, they are keeping their brains clear. They have declared war on the hootch peddlers, gamblers, and the whole nasty breed of perverts and panderers to capitalism. Even the business men have commented upon the orderly and intelligent conduct of the strikers. While the police are co-operating with the bootleggers and trying to create disturbances, the I. W. W. workers are on the job organizing the unorganized and doing everything in their power to make a success of the great strike to release innocent men who are now behind prison bars.

The first arrest came when Arlene Schetna, a Norwegian seaman, who was alleged to have been distributing radical literature at the meeting, was taken into custody. He was taken to jail on a charge of violating a license ordinance and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment when he refused to

promise Judge Sheldon that he would discontinue distributing I. W. W. literature.

Later in the afternoon, George Barret, a longshoreman, and George Kinney, a machinist, were arrested for the same offense.

On the second day of the strike more arrests were made. The San Pedro Daily News, tool of the Pacific American Steamship Owners, announced in big headlines—"STRIKE LEADERS ARRESTED. A heavy blow was struck at the foundation of the strike last night when three I. W. W. officials were arrested at a mass meeting at Fourth and Beacon streets, the officers taking the men into custody in the midst of a huge crowd of sympathizers and interested bystanders. H. C. Duke was taken off the box and placed in the city jail, under \$25,000 bail. Soon afterward George Stark and Julius Tharr were also charged with criminal syndicalism and placed under \$25,000 bail."

Then followed a very lengthy interview by Edwin Nichols, manager of the Shipowners' Association, on how they only needed 200 more scabs, but to my positive knowledge, after a careful census, not less than 1500 men were on strike. Since then the strike has spread to the Standard Oil, Union Oil and American Petroleum Company refineries.

After the arrest of the I. W. W. speakers I looked up the financial secretary of the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, handed in my trade union card and received in return the red card of the Industrial Workers of the World—the "little red docket" which so many thousands of workers value as dearly as their very lives. I then took the place of the arrested fellow workers and spoke to large crowds of strikers and sympathizers. The fact that I belong to the Elks, the National Teachers' Association, and the San Pedro Ministerial Association, perhaps may have kept me from getting arrested that night. But better men than I have gone to prison for this great cause. Labor organized into solid, class-conscious industrial unions is the greatest thing on earth.

The San Pedro sailors and longshoremen have asserted their manhood. So have the workers in the other ports. All hail to the Marine Transport Workers' Industrial Union No. 510, of the Industrial Workers of the World! All hail to the Solidarity of Labor!



Tribute to Ricardo Flores Magon

By MORTIMER DOWNING

I. CERTITUDE

I AM progeny
Of eternally recedent eras—
Of man, of man's forbears, of cosmic unison.
Some elements are crude
And some of rare subtility—
My Self, encysted in a clod.

Assault and repulse,
Struggle and yielding,
Battle and triumph,
Built the frame of me.
Between the Me that thinks and the insensate dross
Conflicts rage, enforcing form upon the incohere;
Every mite agonizing toward freedom in cannibal voracity,
But subserving to support me.
Intrinsic all—matter, function, stress.

Emancipate of duty,
These atoms would ride the wind,
Plumb the sea, seep into the rocks,
To wed and fashion other forms.
Shall I shudder when tranquillity enfolds this shape?
Death is Life's last kiss.

II. PURPOSE

EFORE the earth was spaced in rhythm with the spheres,
Life was.

In deepest rocks, in frigid aether, incandescent suns,
Life abides.
Matter-motion-force, changing, indestructible, continuous,
Age on age, cell near cell, sterile,
Reposed the germinative urge;
Whirling gases calmed, affinities coalesced;
Mass emerged—land, ocean, air—
Chemic womb of animation.
Upon the silted floors of sunny seas
Cell sought cell and clearer light was craved;
Organization ripened into function;
Experience waxed into instinct;
Reproductive ganglia quested food.

Who recks the day when man's ancestor
Dared a space upon the strand
And from that feat regained his kind?
Who celebrates that seeker for the Holy Grail?
Offspring of gelid love,
Where school and school and school had spawned—
Broadcast melt with roe uniting—
This high adventurer broke trail for Eros and for Psyche.

To all the travail from rock-bound cell to Aristotle
I am heir.
Sentient, conscious, in Nature's laboratory I stand.
Shall I cower?
Shall I tryst with Destiny, my sweetheart,
In her to procreate my will?



The Electrification of American Railroads

By A CIVIL ENGINEER

FOR many long years, it was accepted as the truth that an electric railroad could not successfully compete with a steam road in long distance traffic. There are still in use old textbooks where one can find the statement. Acknowledged authorities made the statement and repeated it until that great compelling force of all progress, economic necessity, made itself felt and decided otherwise.

The United States was in a fortunate position. It had all the coal it wanted and some more besides. This was not the case in Europe. France and Italy, for instance, were compelled to electrify because of the shortage of coal, its prohibitive price and the presence within their boundaries of water-power resources which presented a more economical way of generating current. Throughout Europe, these dominating reasons have led to the same result. France, Italy and Switzerland have gone in for a comprehensive policy, the result of which will be the complete electrification of their railroad systems. Belgium, Norway, Sweden and England have made a beginning on an extensive scale, and several other countries are still in the period of preliminary studies.

As things stand at the present time, the United States, on account of its size, leads the world in the amount of miles already electrified but, considering the rate of progress of new undertakings in Europe, it is lagging behind, in a relative way.

The electrified road mileage of the U. S. today amounts to 1607 miles, with an equipment of 375 electric locomotives. Eighteen other countries have together 3567 miles of electrified track, which gives the U. S. nearly one-third of the world's electrified

mileage. The work so far accomplished in this country has cost in round figures eighty million dollars.

New projects which have reached beyond the talking stage and which have, at least some of them, been partially started and for which material and equipment has or is about to be ordered, involve between twelve and fifteen hundred miles of road at an estimated total cost of one hundred and fifty million dollars.

Amongst the most important projects are:

The electrification of the Illinois Central terminals in Chicago, and 28 miles of suburban traffic track out of that city.

The electrification of the New York Central terminals in Cleveland.

The electrification of one hundred miles of the Ford road.

One hundred and twenty-five miles of the Milwaukee in the Cascade mountains.

One hundred miles of the Norfolk and Western.

The economic considerations which have influenced the private owners may be summed up as follows:

First, the financial condition of the roads is good and their borrowing capacity at normal rates of interest allows them to find the necessary money through issues of bonds.

Second, the increase in traffic. For several years past the capacity of some of the roads has been heavily taxed by the traffic, to such an extent that something must be done. It is a case of either double tracking or electrifying.

The third factor is the small rise in the price of

coal over the general rate of increase in the average price of all other commodities.

The cost of electrifying per mile will be on the average \$45,000 for single track and \$75,000 for double track. To this must be added from 40 to 50 per cent of the cost of track fitting for power stations. The total cost per mile will thus be in the neighborhood of \$65,000 for single track and \$100,000 for double track.

One of the main features of electrification, where no water power is available, will be the use of coal at the mouth of the mine or pit. It will not be very long before as a mere matter of common sense, for possible emergencies all those mine-mouth power stations will be linked up together. The owners will proceed on a larger scale just in the same manner as the private owners of industrial plants today who generate their own power but find it desirable, in view of possible emergencies, to connect their private system up with some other electric system selling "juice" to the public. Through these connections between power companies will be established the technical or material basis of one of the most powerful trusts of the future.

To gain an idea of the imminent developments in that direction, it is only necessary to look at a map of the state of California and to consider how the various power systems derived from the rivers which flow from the high levels of the Sierras toward the Pacific have all been connected up into one comprehensive system, which has led to the formation of the economic power that is ruling the state of California today.

In order to gain an idea of the economic consequences of electrification, we have at our disposition the traffic figures for the year 1922, as published by the statistical division of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The coal tonnage carried in interstate commerce amounts, roughly speaking, to three-tenths of the general total of tonnage carried. In the total of coal carried by the railroads, one quarter is company coal. In other words, every fourth car of coal carried in interstate commerce is company coal and this proportion only covers the coal used for generating steam for hauling freight and passengers. This fuel used only in transportation service does not include the fuel used in railroad shops, offices, etc.

If all the railroads of the U. S. were electrified, no more company coal would have to be carried and electrification with juice derived from water-power and generating plants at the pit mouth would do away with three-fortieth of all railroad traffic. In other words, for every forty carloads of freight there would be three carloads of coal less.

The capitalists who own the railroads would never have decided upon electrification with the enthusiasm which they are showing today, if there did not exist, under the circumstances, a possibility of huge profits. As a matter of fact, one road expects the

economies of electrification to pay for the entire cost of the work within five years.

The interests of the workers do not count before the boards of directors of the owning concerns. For that reason, it is not only useful but practically imperative that there should be in existence a publication like *The Industrial Pioneer*, where those huge projects may be considered from the point of view of the workers.

To the construction worker I would say: Are you ready to get your legitimate share of that expenditure of one hundred and fifty million dollars within the next few years? Besides, an undertaking of that size means a reorganization of the personnel. Lots of old timers who think themselves secure in their seniority are due to go into the discard. Electrification means a demand for a new type of labor to be used in entirely new forms of activity.

The very suggestion of a craft union makes one smile. The craftsman is not going to get a look-in on those jobs. He would be useless if he tried and therefore it is useless for him to try. The man who is going to be benefited by electrification is not the specialized craftsman but the worker who comes upon the labor market with the greatest faculty of adapting himself to the machine processes to be used in the job.

We shall probably see a repetition on a much enlarged scale of what took place on many railroads when the block-signal system was put in. There will be a standardized gang and every man will start at the foot of his gang, working himself up through all intermediate stages till he reaches the top. Every time a stretch is completed, the men at the top of the gang will be left behind as maintainers of the completed stretch while the balance of the gang will move up to help in further construction, and so on.

To represent the men who do the work in the various activities of organization, something more efficient is needed than a lot of high-salaried craft union delegates butting into each other all over the works and working at all times at cross purposes with each other and hand in glove with the boss. Besides also, our old friend the employment shark is already figuring on getting his. Effective protection for the workers, efficient representation in all transactions with the employers, elimination of crooked employment agents working in collusion with grafting officials can only be brought about by a centralized, well disciplined and efficiently manned ONE BIG UNION aiming at nothing less than job control in the fullest sense of the word.

To the coal miner it must now become evident that before any coal is used for generating current, every possible available inch of water will have to be put to work. This will probably lead to a certain curtailment of coal mining. Can the coal miners trust their organization and their officials, as we know them by their past records, to stand by them honestly and faithfully in this crucial hour?

As for the railroad men, let them not lose sight of that suppression of three cars in every forty and figure out what it means to every one of them in particular. Are they efficiently organized to control the changes that are bound to come in the wake of electrification and to see to it that part of their wages does not go to pile up those economies which are expected to pay inside of five years for the cost of electrification?

To all the workers affected by electrification I would like to leave this closing thought: Do you want to be, in true A. F. of L. style, just poor imitations of petty bourgeois puttering along without vision and without profit on the outskirts of a great industrial undertaking or do you wish to enter into

this marvelous new industrial development with the proud consciousness that you are both the creator and the future owner of these electrified roads? Do you want to get a fair living out of their construction and some day to run them with your fellow workers, in one efficient group, and to take part in the noble adventure of realizing for the common good the technical progress which science has brought as a boon, not only to the capitalists but to the whole of society and to the producers first of all?

Your answers to these questions will decide whether you will do your share in the coming work of electrification with an antiquated A. F. of L. craft card or with an I. W. W. card in your pocket.

"Negro Slavery or Crime of the Clergy"

THERE has recently been issued from the press a very interesting and educational document on the Negro problem, which is now over four hundred years old.

In its time it has engendered a vast amount of talking, writing and prejudice, and one naturally inclines to the opinion that it is far from a solution. Such an opinion, though, is somewhat modified after a careful reading of Mr. Russo's book. He not only has a solution for the question but he sets forth a program that has the merit of being practical. He quite clearly demonstrates that there now are forces at work that will solve the whole Negro question. He indicates further that these forces are fast bringing on a crisis in the situation. When the crisis has arrived our author points out some very definite practical steps to be taken.

The work indicates that the author has devoted much time to reading, research and study of the question upon which he writes. His brief and succinct history of the slave trade, beginning with Prince Henry of Portugal, and the extension of that trade to Spain and England, is not only instructive but intensely interesting as well.

The author is able to carry not only himself but the reader backward in history. In reading this work one is carried back to the days when "Black Ivory" was a commercial product and the Negro was bought and sold in the market much the same as cattle are nowadays. Here we find a good analysis of the slave-trader's psychology. How the trader would judge a Negro according to his temperament, weight, strength of bone and muscle, is vividly described. Our author visualizes for us again the days when the white man haggled and bartered over the amount of gold he would exchange for a black man.

The quotations contained in the book from the great abolitionists and Negro sympathizers are well chosen. Among them we find the names of Thomas Jefferson, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, Winwood Reade and Parker Pillsbury.

Among the most interesting and startling facts in the book is an accurate analysis of the growth of Negro population in the United States. This analysis is keen and is presented in such manner as to show the gradual increase in power for the Negroes through the proportional increase of their population.

Also, "The Center of Negro Population in the United States" is set forth with a historical background. The Negro population, its changes and movements, the causes and effects of such movements, are accurately set forth and incisively analyzed. Perhaps no more interesting facts and data have been introduced on this question than those that Mr. Russo compiles under this head.

The most significant feature of the document, however, is the manner in which the author identifies the cause of the white and black workingmen. He shows that their present conditions as workers differ only in degree and not in kind. He concludes by telling us that both the white and black man should lay aside race distinctions, visualize their common humanity and organize themselves into an effective social engine for the purpose of breaking down the wage system, which keeps them both in bondage.

The book is interesting, bristling with facts, and has a constructive outlook. It should be in the hands of all those who wish to be informed on the social status of the Negro.

Samuel Ball.

Published by Pasquale Russo, 833 Sedgwick Street, Chicago, Ill. Price, 25 cents.



Editorial



FIGHTING FOR AN IDEAL

"NATIONS which have no vision, perish" so says history—and proves it. Individuals who live without vision, degenerate and become outcasts among human kind. The same is true of men in the aggregate, of societies and even of labor unions. Man does not live by bread alone.

The Industrial Workers of the World is an organization with ideals. Its members carry in their hearts at all times a vision of a future society in which crime and degradation, poverty and slavery, will have been forever wiped off the face of the earth. The I. W. W. is a labor union which fights the master class at the point of production for more wages and better conditions, but it is also at the same time something more than that. Something infinitely more than that, for it fights for an emancipated and a regenerated humanity.

Witness the spirit of the I.W.W. General Strike! What a wonderful, what a magnificent display of idealism, class solidarity and self-sacrificing enthusiasm! A hundred thousand lumber workers, tens of thousands of marine transport, construction, and oil workers quit their jobs and announce for the whole world to hear that the first and foremost of their demands is the liberation of all class war prisoners.

This might be a decadent and materialistic age, as regards the members of the parasitic and ruling classes, but the base spirit of narrow-minded self-interest has neither corroded nor corrupted the souls of workingmen. They are as ready now as ever to fight for right and justice.

SAN PEDRO

THE marine transport workers strike in San Pedro will go down in the annals of history. "The San Pedro Spirit" ought to become a watchword thruout the nation; it is an inspiration and a prophesy.

Who said the workers "will not stick?" Talk about solidarity! Here is an example of it—par excellence. First, the sailors and longshoremen tie up the port, practically one hundred per cent. Over ninety ships laying idle. Then, meetings—peaceable, orderly, well-conducted, held by the strikers and sympathizers within their constitutional rights of free speech and free assemblage. Daily meetings attended by thousands of striking workmen and justice-loving citizens from all walks of life who believe in fair and square dealing.

Second manifestation of solidarity: Arrest of speakers; one after another, a seemingly endless stream of them are arrested and thrown into jail. But does that break the spirit of the strikers, or lessen the enthusiasm of their supporters? Why, no! It merely serves to fan the flames of discontent, to bring together still closer all those who are fighting the vicious and corrupt power which rules the state of California.

Third manifestation of solidarity: thousands of membership cards in the Industrial Workers of the World are issued. The workers and citizens of San Pedro have realized the necessity for a permanent and a fighting labor organization.

At last, having lost all sense of decency and every vestige of self-control, and having become raving mad at the unflinching and dauntless spirit of the striking workers and citizens of San Pedro, the police, at the behest of the shipowners, arrest every member of the strikers' committees—sixty-eight in all.

This is followed by the arrest of six hundred strikers and sympathizers—including Upton Sinclair. The jails are filled to capacity; a stockade has to be built. We are confident that "The San Pedro Spirit" will be equal even to this crowning outrage.

STRIKES AND—STRIKES

THE purpose of a strike is to compel the boss to grant the demands of the strikers. It therefore stands to reason that those tactics which will achieve this end are the right tactics. That up till now they might not have been frequently resorted to is beside the point. The question is—do they deliver the goods?

The long-drawn-out strike has been proven to be a failure in the majority of cases. How many strikes of this character have there been in the last ten years that have been successful? Very few indeed. Labor cannot fight capital with money; labor does not have enough of the "long green" to supply it with the necessities of life if the strikes lag on for months and months.

The I. W. W. lumber workers went back to work on May 7, but they are still on strike! This will be a surprise to the standpat old-timer in the labor movement. All that the lumberjacks have done is to carry the strike back on the job. Instead of paying strike

benefits out of their own pockets, they will let the boss pay them—in the form of wages.

Striking on the job means—any one of a multitude of things. It means slowing down on the job, retarding production by a multiplicity of methods; it means, in short, hitting the boss in the pocket-book. And the beauty of it is that the boss is paying all the expense of conducting the strike.

The marine transport workers, excepting the San Pedro strikers, stayed out for a week and a half after the lumber workers went back, and then they also returned to their jobs. They won practically all their demands, outside of the release of class war prisoners.

The moral is: strike while the iron is hot! The workers cannot afford to stay away from their jobs months on end, in the vain hope of "winning." If they cannot win in a comparatively short time off the jobs, then let them carry the strike back on the job, and win there!



Leavenworth

(Dedicated to the 53 war-opinion prisoners, 49 of them members of the I. W. W., who are still confined in Leavenworth penitentiary.)

SEE, tho the oil be low, more purely still and higher
The flame burns in the body's lamp! The
watchers still

Gaze with unseeing eyes while the Promethean will,
The Uncreated Light, the Everlasting Fire,
Sustains itself against the torturers' desire
Even as the fabled Titan chained upon the hill.
Burn on, shine here, thou immortality, until
We, too, have lit our lamps at the funeral pyre;
Till we, too, can be noble, unshakable, undismayed;
Till we too, can burn with the holy flame and know
There is that within us can triumph over pain,
And go to death alone, slowly and unafraid.
The candles of God are already burning row on row.
Farewell, Lightbringer, fly to thy heaven again!

A. E.



WHY are you opposed to a labor party? Should not the workers use all and every means to fight the capitalists?—G. H.

We are opposed to agitation for a labor party, or for any other political party of whatever name, because we do not believe in fooling the workers. They are being fooled enough as it is, by the mouthpieces of the exploiting class, so we believe in laying off of it. Let us tell our fellow workers the true conditions of things that they are up against, and, knowing the truth, sooner or later they will fight their way out of the morass of capitalism by the use of direct economic action.

Now, the truth is that the workers in all capitalist countries are living under the dictatorship of the master class. This class maintains itself in power through various agencies, one of them being the electoral system. The governmental machinery of all capitalist countries is so constructed that it operates to one end, and to one end only—namely, to perpetuate the ruling class in power. It makes no difference under what name one might be sent to the state legislature or to Congress, it makes no difference whether he be called a republican, democrat, socialist, laborite, or what not, the result in every case will be the same: That representative will be a cog in a machine which, while it continues to exist, will be used for the purpose of keeping the workers in subjection.

Everybody who knows anything at all knows that none of our law-making or law-enforcing bodies ever did anything for the working class nor will they ever do anything. If by an accident they have passed any laws that benefit the man who works for a living, those laws remain a dead letter if the workers do not have the economic power to back them up. Witness all the eight-hour laws in the United States, almost every state has passed one at one time or another in its history, yet what good are they? Why, no good at all—every school boy knows this. If any class of workers in any industry want the eight-hour day they have to fight to get it, and after they have got it they have to fight like the devil to keep it—eight-hour law or no eight-hour law.

Every state has on its statute books dozens of laws passed ostensibly in the interests of the "horny-handed sons of toil," but the only earthly use they have ever been to anybody is that they offer an excuse for some blatant labor-faking poli-

tician to "shoot off his mouth" the next time he runs for office about what a wonderful friend he has been to the "poor but honest working people" who elected him. If to the above adjectives he would add the word "simple" he would then have a combination that's hard to beat. Any workingman who will waste his time and effort to put some glib-tongued politician into a nice, fat job protecting the bosses' interests, must indeed be possessed of great simplicity of heart—and mind.

By trying to get representatives elected to administrative positions the workers are not using one of several means to fight the capitalists: They are merely squandering and misdirecting their energies and fooling themselves in the bargain.

But some of our political action friends might say to us: Your arguments are "fine and dandy" as far as they go, but they do not apply to us, since we do not take part in election campaigns because we expect to accomplish anything through our elected representatives, but because that offers us a way to get in touch with the masses, to educate them.

Now, that is "the bunk"—par excellence. If that is all they intend to do, then where does the necessity of a political party come in? Why take part in election campaigns at all? The I. W. W. carries on an educational campaign that never ceases,—it publishes newspapers and pamphlets, sends out speakers, hold entertainments, conducts study classes,—and we have yet to hear that it has suffered any qualms of conscience for having done all these things without being incorporated as a political party.

Why does not the Industrial Workers of the World make an effort to affiliate with the farmers?—L. S. M.

Because to organize the farmers is not the object or the function of this organization. The I. W. W. is a labor union which organizes wage workers—and wage workers only. When we take into consideration that there are over twenty million industrial workers who work for wages, we will realize that the I. W. W. has a big enough job on its hands, without making an effort to organize, or affiliate with, the farmers. The farmers are being forced into the ranks of the wage earners at the rate of hundreds of thousands every year, and as they become acclimated to their changed condition they

will gradually assume the outlook of the industrial proletariat, and will see the necessity of industrial unionism.

Do you believe that all human beings have descended from the monkeys?—Portland Shorty.

We believe that men have evolved from the lower animals, but why all the blame should be put on the monkeys is beyond us. We can think of some bipeds who navigate around in this dusty vale of sweat and tears who would promptly be disowned by any self-respecting monkey. Think of those specimens of the so-called human race who never bat an eye-lid when asked by some oily parasite to work ten, twelve, or fourteen hours per day for about one-tenth of what they actually produce. There is not the shadow of a doubt that these individuals could trace their descent straight back to the mule family. Good thing mules don't understand our lingo, since even they might resent being linked up in any way with some of the human work animals that make a hell on earth for their fellow workers who believe in leaving some of the work undone so the master class would have something to do when the time comes for them to put on overalls.

Then again, there are the moonshine guzzlers, the Peruna and hair tonic fiends, and the wise boys who can tell bad hootch from "good whiskey." They think that it is the height of cleverness to exchange six or seven weeks' wages for a big head, and then to take the first job they come across for half the "going wages." This is the breed of animals who love to wallow in dirt, physical, moral and spiritual. They don't like to fight the boss for the better things of life because they have an inborn antipathy to clean living quarters, good grub, good clothes, or anything else that is even remotely associated with cleanliness and manliness. Specimens belonging to this species of sub-human beings have been investigated by various biologists and anthropologists, and it is the consensus of opinion among these scientists that they are lineal descendants from the swine family.

Why are you radicals always so pessimistic? Don't you think this world would be much better off if we were to spread more sunshine and optimism?—Violet L.

We are inclined to be pessimistic now because we believe it is so much better for the health to be a pessimist with a full bread basket than with an empty one—at least while there is still a running chance to keep it replenished two or three times a day. If by being pessimistic now we learn to prepare to take care of ourselves in the future, we will be ten jumps ahead of the game.

Look at the Germans: Before the war they were the most optimistic people on earth; they had plenty of work, plenty of lager, and they loved so dearly their Kaiser and their Gott. The thought never entered their heads that they were living in a fool's

paradise, and they waxed fat and fatter from drinking so much beer and scattering so much sunshine. In those by-gone days a mere handful of twelve hundred Germans dispatched themselves every year to the happy hunting grounds.

But while they were having such a good time and scattering so much sunshine, capitalism was getting in its deadly work,—with what awful consequences, we all know. And the end is not yet. Last year sixty thousand Germans committed suicide, an increase of five thousand per cent over the prewar rate. From being the proverbial stout man the German of today is the leanest and skinniest of all human beings. His standard of living has sunk below the poverty level; all his wealth is in the hands of a dozen industrial magnates. He has proven conclusively that optimism does not pay. If we lull ourselves to sleep just because temporarily living conditions are not as bad as they might be, the wily and unscrupulous imperialistic capitalist is sure to steal a march on us and leave us in the lurch when we are least prepared for it.

Is it true that the American Federation of Labor is losing members?—J. S.

Yes, during the past year the federation lost close to eight hundred thousand members. During the preceding year it lost almost as many. If this keeps up there won't be much left of it five or ten years from now.

It is only natural that the federation should lose in membership. With the advance of the machine process skilled labor is fast being displaced by unskilled or semi-skilled labor, and craft unions, being protective societies for skilled workers, or, in other words, job trusts, tend to go out of existence when they no longer have a function to perform. When an unskilled man after a few days of practice can operate a machine just as efficiently as a machinist who has spent four years learning his trade, how is it possible for a machinists' protective society to conserve that job for its members exclusively? When that cannot be done the reason for the machinist continuing his membership in the job trust ceases to exist. The same applies to most of the other trades as well.

Under the present methods of production the only form of unionism that has a chance to grow is industrial unionism. The craft unions are doomed. An effort is being made to prolong their life by "boring from within" tactics and by attempts at amalgamation, that is, welding the various craft unions together to the end of transforming them into industrial unions, but, unless the lessons of all history are to be reversed, that move also is foredoomed to failure. Thinking that the craft unions, which for so many years have served as instruments in the hands of the capitalists to divide and disorganize the workers, can be turned into genuine industrial labor unions is the same as imagining that the capitalist state can be transformed

into a proletarian state. The idea is ridiculous on the face of it.

This does not mean, of course, that those of us who belong to craft unions should not carry on agitation for radical ideas among the other members. The craft unionist is as a rule just as ignorant of how capitalism operates and of the manner in which he is exploited, and just as little amenable to the great concept of working class solidarity, as is the unorganized worker. Let us do all we can to set his rusty thinking wheels in motion,—at least until we get kicked out by the big-bellied agents of capitalism who are in control of practically all the craft unions in the United States. But let us not be foolish enough to be carried away by the vain idea that these protective societies can ever be transformed into genuine industrial unions.

Waste Fires Burn on Every Hand

ANY one who has a sense of thrift in his nature must be hurt by the sight of the waste fires to be seen at the tail-end of every sawmill in the Northwest. One remembers that for five years and more there has been a fuel famine in the East, while all Europe is suffering for substance with which to heat its homes and turn its industrial wheels.

Constantly the waste-fires burn at the mills. The owners call it necessary waste; they say that transportation of this wood would cost too much to do anything else with it except burn it up; they say there are not enough cars.

Meanwhile, prices for fuel are high in the cities, in keeping with the cost of everything that people eat and wear and utilize in their daily lives. Why could not all this waste wood from the mill be used as fuel for great central heating plants for the

cities? The central heating idea is in operation in Toledo, Ohio, and from all accounts it has worked out successfully there.

Central heating is one of the big economic values to be expected when the workers shall have reached the point of establishing industrial democracy.

To Labor

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

(Air: "Maryland, My Maryland")

SHALL you complain who feed the world,
Who clothe the world,
Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power
The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs in your right hand,
Your strong right hand,
Your skilled right hand.
You hold the whole world in your hand,
See to it what you do.
Or dark or light
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you.

Then rise as you never rose before,
Nor hoped before
Nor dared before,
And show as was never shown before
The power that lies in you.
Stand all as one—
See Justice done;
Believe and dare and do.



I. W. W. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Reduced Rates on All I. W. W. Publications for Three Months

In order to obtain the greatest circulation possible, for the papers and magazines published by our organization, we have decided to give our readers an opportunity, never before available.

Club rates for all our publications have been arranged, and the club arrangements under which the Industrial Pioneer may be obtained are shown below.

These arrangements will be in force for three months, and any one wishing to obtain our publications at reduced rates, can do no better than take advantage of this opportunity.

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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY..	2 " "
RABOTNICHESKA M Y S L	
(Bulgarian)	2 " "
Total	\$6
Club rate	\$4.50 per yr.

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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
IL PROLETARIO (Italian).....	2 " "
INDUSTRIAL WORKER	4 " "
Total	\$8
Club rate	\$6 per year

Club No. 8	Regular rate
INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
INDUSTRIAL WORKER	4 " "
SOLIDARIDAD (Spanish).....	1 " "
Total	\$7
Club rate	\$5.25 per yr.

Club No. 9	Regular rate
INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
TIE VAPAUTEEN (Finnish) ..	1.75 per yr.
INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY..	2 " "
Total	\$5.75
Club rate	\$4.35 per yr.

Club No. 10	Regular rate
INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
JEDNA VELKA UNIE	
(Czecho-Slovak)	1 " "
INDUSTRIAL WORKER	4 " "
Total	\$7
Club rate	\$5.25 per yr.

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INDUSTRIAL PIONEER	\$2 per year
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Club rate	\$5.25 per yr.

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